

Children's Newspaper

Have You Seen
My Magazine?

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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THE HERO CUT OFF FROM THE WORLD

SNAIL AND A LOST CONTINENT

WHAT IT MAY TELL US OF CRUSOE'S ISLAND

Professor Goes Out to Look for a Fossil

If a certain snail can be found, fossilised, on the little island of Juan Fernandez, 420 miles west of Valparaiso, Chile, the world will be asked to believe that this old home of Robinson Crusoe once formed part of an island continent long since drowned.

Professor William Alonso Bryan, a zoologist of the College of Hawaii, has sailed to the island to explore. The snail he seeks is one of a very ancient species which existed in the far-away days of the world, and for certain reasons he believes that it once flourished in Juan Fernandez. If it did, then what is now an island must have been part of a larger area, for, as a rule, oceanic islands do not possess snails.

Monkey Tells a Tale

The professor's belief is that the remains of the snail are there, and that the island is a last vestige of a vanished continent, a kind of second Atlantis, this time in the Pacific Ocean. It is known, of course, that there were formerly land connections between Antarctica, Australasia, South America, and perhaps Africa, and the professor's snail may have belonged to one of them.

It would be strange if a fossil snail should reveal a new fact in physical geography, but little things have immensely romantic value in matters of this sort. The monkeys on the rock of Gibraltar prove that Europe and Africa were united in comparatively modern times by a land-bridge where Gibraltar Straits now admit the sea, and when critics wanted to know whether certain letters by Robert Louis Stevenson were written at home or abroad, they turned to the wisest men. There was a dead fly among the letters, and entomologists declared that the fly was peculiar to Samoa, the last home of R. L. S., so that the letters must have been written there.

Voice Out of the Past

Now, a snail, though dead, may speak, and may declare to us that perhaps millions of years before Robinson Crusoe was born snails crept about his island.

But first we must find the snail and prove its age and family history. Volcanic eruptions, which brought the island into being, may have consumed whatever fossils there were. Less than 20 years ago Martinique and St. Vincent possessed superb thrushes, and St. Vincent had a unique species of parrot. Volcanoes broke loose, and the same fierce heat which made every piece of metal in the islands melt and flow like water instantly blotted out and consumed those splendid birds. We have records of them, but without these records we should not now know they had existed.

The New Balloonists



In these hard days of Transport every little helps!

HERO CUT OFF FROM THE WORLD LITTLE SHIP FAST IN THE ICE

Has Amundsen Heard of the End of the War?

DEATH BREAKS AN APPOINTMENT

A little ship named Maud lies frozen in the ice off Aion Island, in Northern Siberia. She left Christiania, the Norwegian capital, in June, 1918, with Captain Roald Amundsen, discoverer of the South Pole, who was to sail the wintry seas, and, drifting with the ice, approach the North Pole, which he hoped to reach by aeroplane.

Such a cosy little ship the Maud is, with electric light, with books and pictures, and food for five years, and, unless the ice should smash her, all should be well, though she is now two years behind her time-table. The spirit of the expedition is reflected in a little English poem, framed in the ship's cabin:

The stars are with the voyager wherever he may sail,
The moon is constant to her time, the sun will never fail,
But follow, follow round the world, the green earth and the sea,
So love is with the lover's heart wherever he may be.

A fitting sentiment for the man who has forced the North-West Passage, who won the South Pole, and twice sailed round the globe, as if it had been a picnic.

But sorrow and travail come to all who venture too often in the wilds. It is to be feared that Amundsen has already lost two of his crew, though he does not yet know it. He sent them home overland in October, 1918, since when nothing has been heard of them.

Mystery of the Great Silence

Has the ice claimed these two wanderers? The land which they essayed to cross, the land where Amundsen now lies icebound, is the coldest in the world. The Antarctic, with its 100 degrees of frost, is more frigid than the Farthest North, but Siberia shows 122 degrees of frost in winter.

The Maud has a wireless installation, but either it is out of gear or the distance is too great for it to transmit to receiving stations, for we hear nothing from it, and Amundsen hears nothing from us. He had an appointment with Peary for the autumn of this year, but Death has broken it, though Amundsen does not yet know that his friend Peary is dead. Scott followed him to the South Pole, and died; Peary preceded him to the North Pole, and lies dead, while Amundsen is battling for the same goal.

Amundsen left civilisation a few days before the last German offensive. Possibly he does not yet know the result of the war. Now the world is at peace, but he is confronted by forces more terrible than those of man. Still there is little doubt that he will come through.

UNRULY JERUSALEM Strife in the Cradle of Peace

Jerusalem, the cradle of the Prince of Peace, has always been a scene of strife.

It was so when the Jews made up its crowds and the Romans were its governors, for religious feeling rose at times into passion. There is greater likelihood of strife now, because three religions are crowded there, and sometimes hold their festivals at the same time.

That is what happens at Eastertide—a season sacred alike to Christian, Jew, and Mohammedan. This year the question of the future government of Palestine has been in men's minds, and has helped to stir up slumbering dislikes.

The result was that religious rioting between Jews and Mohammedans broke out in many parts of the city, and the peace had to be kept by Thomas Atkins of the British Army, fully armed, but, best of all, equipped with good humour. Where Tommy showed himself, by order, peace reigned.

Occasional outbursts of this kind, where religious rivalry runs high, have no serious meaning. They are due to passing gusts of feeling, like the riots that flare up now and again in Belfast.

FLYING OVER A CRATER Drawn Down Towards Vesuvius

Two Australian Air Force officers who set out from London to fly to their own continent, without official leave, had some hairbreadth escapes before being held up for repairs in Burma.

Passing directly over the top of Vesuvius, they found their plane sinking swiftly through the thin, hot air towards the crater, and only by clever manoeuvring did they manage to glide out of the furnace fumes that were failing to support them.

Heat, of course, makes the air very thin, so that in hot air the aeroplane propeller finds a great difficulty in getting sufficient grip.

Before leaving Italy their maps were blown away, and they had to buy others at their landing-places.

Then, in the Syrian desert, they had to land to find where they were from wandering Arabs, who seemed doubtful how they ought to treat these visitors from the skies.

Finally, they had a little crash at Moulmein. But they mean to go on to Australia if it is possible, and Australians never admit that anything is impossible.

PLAY LAW

TIME FOR CHILDREN TO BE HAPPY

Parliament Takes an Interest in Boys and Girls

CHILD SLAVES OF LONG AGO

Some work and some play
Makes Jack a bright boy

By a new law which has just come into force every school-child will have time for play.

No child under 12 is now allowed to work for money, and those between 12 and 14 are not to work for more than two hours on Sunday, and on school-days they may not be employed before six in the morning or after eight at night, and then for only one hour each morning and evening. Further, no child of school age, that is 14 at the present time, is to be allowed to trade in the street.

All this is as it should be, but it has taken thousands of years for the children to obtain their rights. Civilised man has existed on the earth for at least 10,000 years, and yet it is only within the last century that the race has been seriously concerned about the protection of children.

The Bad Old Days

The Chinese are kind to women and teach respect for parents, yet infanticide is very common, and girls are counted of little worth. The ancient Greeks, too, had small regard for the rights of children, and it is a lamentable fact that civilisation does not always mean true social progress.

In England and America 50 years ago parents and other people could ill-treat children in their homes with impunity. Till 1874 there was no movement of any kind to defend the rights of boys and girls, and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children only began in London in 1884.

It is a striking illustration of the view which was held of children until quite recently that when in New York it was desired to help a child who was being cruelly beaten and ill-treated by a man and woman who had obtained it from a charitable institution, the only way was to regard the child as an animal and to prosecute through the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a society founded long before people thought of protecting children.

A Century of Wrong

In England the history of children through the early 19th century is a sad one. For centuries it was supposed to be a good and religious thing to make children work. They must never be seen idle, and when the factory system grew up this idea was put into practice with a vengeance.

Little children four years old were carried, crying, at dead of night to great ugly factories to work for 15 hours at a stretch without proper food, without sufficient clothing, and with cruel taskmasters driving them on if, owing to weariness, they halted but for a moment.

Children in the Mines

Down in the mines, too, little boys and girls had to work like horses, dragging heavy trucks about, or to stand for 15 hours in the cold and darkness, opening and shutting trap-doors with never-ceasing monotony. Children scarcely out of their cradles were made to climb inside the narrow chimneys of houses to sweep away the soot, often when the chimneys had caught fire, and they had to slave from two or three in the morning till nine or ten at night, their bed consisting of a sack of soot in a dark cellar.

Those were the bad old days that have gone for ever, and all children should remember with honour the name of the great Lord Shaftesbury, who did more than any other man to make children happy. The new law giving every British boy and girl time to play is really the completion of his work.

TRAMP'S FIRE

61 AND NOT YET OUT

Extraordinary Story of a Blazing Coalpit

HOW A MINE WAS CHOKED WITH DAMP

Carbon County, in Pennsylvania, has taught America two things. It first revealed the existence of coal in the United States, and for the last 61 years it has been teaching that one of the most difficult things in the world to deal with is coal on fire.

The mischief is supposed to have originated with tramps sheltering one winter night in the mine; they set light to a heap of waste, from which flames penetrated into a seam of coal and have ever since defied all efforts to master them.

The mine, which is 129 miles from New York, is in the heart of a carboniferous district which supplies the States with one-sixth of her anthracite, and so fierce and deep-seated is it that the fear is entertained that it may spread farther afield and endanger properties still more valuable. The story of this long fight with the flames would make a book.

Fire that Goes on Burning

The trouble is that air cannot be kept out of the burning mass. The coal is 50 feet thick in places, and though shafts have been sunk in many directions to cut away combustible material, such has been the heat, such the determined energy of the fire in directions unexpected, that the advance has been steady and continuous.

Many holes were drilled in order that water might be pumped in, but there came a drought when no water was available, and shale and waste shale were then forced down the pipes to choke the fire, but without avail. When water was available it was mixed with the shale to form mud, but this froze, and engines had to be erected to supply heat and thaw the mixture.

Battle of the Elements

In this way 28,000 tons of mud and millions of gallons of water were poured into the mine in a single year; in another year 90,000 tons of mud were poured in; but the fire raged on, and up to-date it has withstood the attacks of 150,000,000 gallons of water and 5000 cubic yards of shale.

At present the biggest effort of all is being made—to cut open tunnels right round the burning mass and isolate it from all adjoining coal. A million tons of coal will have to be removed, in addition to enormous masses of rock and sandstone, and then we shall see what we shall see.

Fighting the Flames

One cannot but wonder whether a Goldworthy Gurney would not have mastered this fire. There was a similar conflagration in a Stirlingshire colliery during last century, where, illicit distillers having set fire to a seam in a disused part of the mine, the fire spread to 26 acres of good coal. Five years were spent in erecting a wall of mud round the fire to keep out air and keep in the fire, but for over 30 years the bonfire continued, the mine being known as Clackmannan Waste.

Then Gurney was called in. He erected steam engines over the mine and pumped in choke damp, a mixture of carbonic acid and nitrogen. Under great pressure the mixture was forced down into the fire, filling the mine, driving out the air, and stifling the raging furnace. Eight million cubic feet of the extinguisher served to put out the old fire. Afterwards more mixture to cool the mine was sent down, and then pure air, so that, little by little, the mine cooled and was at last re-opened.

DYING MAN ON A RAFT

ALONE ON A WIDE, WIDE SEA

Escaped Prisoner's Adventure

THE OVERPOWERING LOVE OF LIBERTY

A ship on its way to India has picked up a man on a raft, and thereby hangs a curious tale.

The Andaman Islands, in the Indian Ocean, 120 miles away from the nearest land, are used as convict stations for the worst criminals of India. There thousands of them are kept, because they have proved themselves too dangerous to be at large among their fellow men. Yet these men, often the lowest of mankind, seem to have a love of liberty that can never be extinguished.

The islands were chosen as a prison-land because escape from them was thought to be impossible. But attempts are constantly being made, though it is not known that anyone has been able to cross that lonely waste of tropical sea, with its burning thirst.

An unnavigable raft is the only support the seeker after liberty can hope to use—drifting at the mercy of winds and currents. Again and again the bodies of dead men have been found, far out on the Indian Ocean, often lashed to the raft, the victims of their own daring and of thirst, the deadliest enemy of those who are lost at sea.

Contrary to the usual fate of these venturers, a prisoner has lately been found on his raft by a passing ship bound for Bombay, and has been rescued when nearly at the point of death.

The yearning passion for freedom has no more striking proof than this hopeless, waterless drift under a burning sun, with only the slight chance of raw fish for food. What wild desires must fill the minds of these fugitives before they choose such terrible risks!

BATTLEFIELD OF AN ORATOR

How the Prince Faced the Music

A NEW TERROR OF SPEECH-MAKING

Many people find their limbs becoming limp when they have to make a speech, though some love the sensation of publicity. But nobody, however great his love of talking, can envy the plucky young Prince of Wales when he gets into the hands of his American admirers.

As the warship *Renown*, on its way to New Zealand, passed from the Panama Canal by the town of San Diego, in Southern California, the Prince was welcomed ashore and conducted to where 20,000 people had assembled to see him and hear him speak. And this is how he was expected to face his part of the ceremony.

In front of him was perched a monster megaphone, that would shout his words into every corner of an immense building as he uttered them; four kinemas ground out their pictures of him as he spoke, recording every gesture and each expression of his face; while three aeroplanes hummed round and round above his head, and innumerable photographers clicked at him for snapshots.

Never before had so many of the penalties of being a popular prince been concentrated on him in so short a time; but he won through all the blare and bustle as a modest English gentleman.

BALLOON RISES NEARLY 12 MILES

One of the small balloons which are sent up by the Air Ministry to make weather records recently reached a height of nearly twelve miles, or more than twice the height at which the loftiest clouds float.

COURT FOR FINDING OUT THE FACTS

GREAT NEW INSTITUTION

How the Docker Proved His Case Before the Nation

ONE WAY OUT OF THE WAGE QUESTION

The newspapers of every country report, almost daily, disputes between working men and their employers about wages. While these disputes are going on there is a general uneasiness in the minds of people who are not engaged in the businesses that are directly affected.

All the men in these disturbed businesses, whether as wage-earners or employers, are only a small part of the people of the country; yet, often, everyone of us is really involved in the dispute, for a strike would perhaps prevent us from getting things we need, or would stop our work and make us poorer.

What, then, are we, the public, to think about the disputes? Well, first of all, we wish to know the facts, so that we can judge who is right and who is wrong. We British are a fair-minded race. We hate to see anyone unjustly treated. We desire to understand the truth.

Getting at the Truth

How can we understand? Each side, at the beginning of a dispute, puts forward its own case, and leaves the other side to do the same for itself; while some of the newspapers take one side, and some the other. Often it is not at all easy for people to get at the truth.

But a good start has now been made to help them, and if it is followed we may hope that the fair-minded people, who really are masters of the country, will be able to tell who is selfish, unreasonable, and wrong, and will use their influence on the side that is in the right, whichever it may be.

The new start has been made by what is called an Industrial Court. The Court is appointed to hear both sides, find out the facts, and tell us all what they are.

Hearing Both Sides

The first Court of this kind was formed under the chairmanship of a great lawyer, Lord Shaw, to hear what the dockers had to say in support of their claim that 16s. a day is a right wage for them, while they worked 44 hours in each week. The employers had an equal chance to show that 16s. a day was too much, or that more than 44 hours should be worked weekly.

The dockers, of course, are the men who unload ships at the docks. It is hard work, and a man must be strong to do it, and ought to be well fed.

The decision of the Court, arrived at after many days of hearing evidence, is that the dockers proved their claim to be sound and good, and that the wage they claimed was fair.

Where Right is Might

The Court also made some wise recommendations about the engagement of dockers—that the men should be employed regularly as far as possible, and not be kept waiting for work.

This Industrial Court has no official power over the industry it studies. It cannot say to the employers, You must pay 16s. a day wages, or to the workmen, You must earn your full wages by thoroughly honest, steady work. It only says what ought to be.

But saying that is really a great power, for it tells us, the general public who make up the British nation, what the facts are, and so enables us to judge which side we ought to help and how far we should go with our support.

The Industrial Court, then, is a new start of much importance. It shows how a wages dispute can be fairly argued and fairly judged, and how the facts can be brought out free from bias, and the nation be provided with the materials for a sound opinion of its own.

KING TRIES TO BE MASTER

A Royal Mistake in Denmark

WISE LESSON FROM HIS PEOPLE

By Our Political Correspondent

The kings in Europe, on the whole, have not shown that they were wise men, and most of them have been dethroned by the war, without regret.

The kings that are known, both inside and outside their country, as worthy of the position they hold are our own King, who is faithful to the highest traditions of freedom, and has no enemies; the King of Belgium, a modest hero; the King of Italy, a brave and kind national chief, who holds a difficult position with excellent judgment; and the King of Spain, a fine, spirited man of the greatest courage.

Among sovereigns who have held their offices in such a way as to retain the goodwill of their people, without pursuing ambitious aims, are the Kings of Rumania, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, and the Queen of Holland.

But now it seems as if the King of Denmark must be withdrawn from this list, or counted as wanting in the wisdom that reads aright the signs of the times.

Kings as Servants

Instead of allowing his country—one of the best educated and most intelligent in Europe—to develop its methods of government quietly, he began to interfere unnecessarily, using his power as a king to dispose of one government and form a government more to his liking than that which had been in office.

This action was at once objected to by large numbers of the Danes, who thought they saw in it a claim to greater personal authority than a king can be allowed to have. Kings are the servants, not the masters, of the people.

The king called his advisers round him, and after a long talk withdrew from the position he had taken up; and a new election, in which the people will have more power, was arranged.

It was a sensible decision, showing the Danes in a good light to the neighbouring nations; but it would have been better if their king had not made his mistake and caused uneasiness by appearing to be a little Kaiser.

OUR PETER PANS

Readers Who Will Not Grow Old

Our young readers in the seventies and eighties and nineties continue to write to us, and though we cannot find room for them all we gladly note a few of special interest.

From the schoolhouse at Whitton, Knighton, in Radnorshire, one of our boy readers sends us a note of his grandfather, an old schoolmaster of 85, who still loves the Children's Newspaper and reads it eagerly. Often during the Great War he would tell the story of a war that he remembered nearly seventy years ago.

It was during the Crimean War when one morning, as our friend was hurrying to school, a man tapped on the window of a house and called him in. As he went in the man locked the door inside, and said "Read this," handing him a paper with the story of the Battle of Inkerman. Few men could read in those days, and it is odd to think of the excitement a newspaper would cause in a village.

From Banff, in Scotland, writes a retired major who reads the C.N. every week, though he is 82.

A London reader sends us word that his uncle reads it regularly at 86; and two readers of Birmingham and Houston, in Scotland, are 88. From Brentwood a reader writes at 81, and from Teignmouth comes this note:

"I see one of your readers is 79. I can beat him, for I am 86, and always look forward to the C.N., which goes to my grandchildren in New Zealand. I was one of the early settlers out there."

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Gathered by



Germany has already surrendered 2683 locomotives to France under the Armistice terms.

Canada has 325,000 motor-cars, over 50,000 being in Saskatchewan, which a few years ago was only prairie land.

The yearly stock-taking at Kensington Baths showed that of 10,162 towels and bathing-dresses 564 had been stolen.

Over 400 million War Savings certificates have now been taken out, or nearly ten for every man, woman, and child in the United Kingdom.

Fighting Influenza

The London General Omnibus Company has decided to spray all its buses daily with anti-flu mixture.

Fastest Boat Known

It is reported that a new motor-boat that was tried on the Seine developed a speed of 75 miles an hour.

The Ship of Gold

Sixteen tons of gold, packed in 332 strong wooden boxes, have just been carried across the Atlantic from Liverpool to New York in the Carmania.

Lion at the Butcher's

A lion belonging to a French zoo has had to be killed as a result of an accident, and the meat found a ready sale in Paris at five francs a pound.

Wild Cat Caught in Scotland

An enormous wild cat has just been caught in Argyllshire. It is dark grey with brown stripes, and measures 45 inches from its nose to the tip of its tail.

Bad, Bankrupt, and Dead

King Milan of Serbia, one of the worst kings of modern times, who has been dead nearly 20 years, is now being declared bankrupt in Switzerland, where he had large estates.

The Boy on the Lorry

A Southampton lad stated in Bow County Court that, having to take care of a motor lorry which had met with an accident, he lived and slept on it in London for three days.

James Watt's House

The Birmingham house in which James Watt, the great inventor, lived—Heathfield Hall, Handsworth—is for sale, and Birmingham is thinking of buying it—as it ought to do.

How to Turn Them Out

A landlady at Willesden wanted to get rid of some lodgers, and, being refused an eviction order by a magistrate, said to him: "Very well, then, I shall turn the gramophone on all day."

A Century on a Farm

An old lady has just died at Aghnavallog, near Newry, at the age of 102. She had never had an illness until a few days before she died, and had lived all her life on one farm.

Spoils of War

A German station on the Severn for breeding eels has passed into British hands, and part of its produce, numbering 40,000 young eels, has been used to stock the rivers Trent and Soar.

The Wonder of a Motor-Car

The postmaster of Lundy Island, who has been on a visit to Ilfracombe, has seen a motor-car running for the first time. Although he has never ridden in a car, he has been up in an aeroplane.

Great Joan of Rouen

The great new bell for Rouen Cathedral, named after Joan of Arc, was being drawn through the streets by 14 horses when the wagon broke down, and the bell, weighing 20 tons, fell into the road. It took five days to replace it on a wagon.

Wasted Millions

The money spent on drink is worse than waste, and the new Drink Bill shows that last year the drink traffic took over £1,000,000 a day from the pockets of the people of the United Kingdom. It is nearly twice the cost of governing the nation before the war.

WHY NOT A BEST MAN GOVERNMENT?

A SOUTH AFRICAN IDEA

Parties in the Union Parliament

POSITION OF GENERAL SMUTS

By Our Political Correspondent

It is said that General Smuts has been trying to form a Best Man Government for South Africa, and the idea sounds interesting. That is what the world wants everywhere—a Government of the Best Men. The old parties have weakened in all countries, and people are wearying of the old politicians and their ways.

The recent general election in South Africa ended as elections everywhere seem to be ending now—that is, in several parties being elected in such numbers that no one party is strong enough to govern the country, and therefore two or more parties must join each other to carry on the government.

The question that matters most of all in South Africa is whether the Union shall remain within the British Empire, or shall withdraw and become an independent republic.

The Union

The Nationalists, who desire to withdraw and break the connection with the Empire, number less than one-third of the elected members of the new House.

General Smuts, as Prime Minister, has a very small majority on his side, but the Labour Members, who form more than one-sixth of the House, and are in opposition, are not opposed to the union with Great Britain. Indeed, they do not represent Labour as labour is understood in Great Britain, for South African

The Doctor's Prescription

A good reader of the C.N. at Harrow, who lies patiently and cheerfully in bed most of her life, writes:

My doctor has prescribed My Magazine for me. It has been so difficult to get the reading that I really want, but now I have found what I need, for your two children bring me great delight.

Do you know what it means to an invalid to be able to pick up a book or a paper, and know that whatever you light upon will be worth reading, without having to wade through pages and columns of dull things?

And so I say, "Thank you," and wish the magazine and the C.N., with their sensible, helpful, and clean reading, very, very long lives.

Perhaps the doctor's prescription will help you, also, to be cheerful; perhaps you will like to pass it on.

The C.N. will be sent to any child on earth, anywhere, for a year for 8s. 8d.

My Magazine will be delivered monthly for a year at any door in the world for 14s.

manual labour is almost wholly that of coloured men, who have no vote in the Parliament.

Labour in South Africa is largely what would be called in England middle-class; that is to say, it consists of those who work in other ways than by physical toil—often in professional ways—and who seek to get what benefit they can from the other parties, but not at the expense of union with the Empire.

Alike in Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, and South Africa the breaking up of the electors into parties leaves each party in a minority incapable of doing anything until it has formed an agreement with other parties so as to gain a majority, and such agreements invariably make bold action difficult.

HEROIC FEAT IN THE CLOUDS

Wonderful Adventure of Two Flying Men

The heroic deeds done during the war have not yet been half told. The last comes from Russia, where last July two British flying officers, Pilot Walter Anderson and Observer John Mitchell, while taking photographs at a height of 1000 feet, saw their escort-machine brought down by the enemy's fire, five miles within his lines.

Anderson at once flew to the rescue, and landed alongside the wrecked aeroplane, whose officers were holding the enemy back with their Lewis gun, while they further destroyed the machine.

The rescuers then picked up the two officers on their plane, which now had its petrol tank holed by a bullet. Mitchell then mounted on the port plane and stopped up bullet holes in the petrol tank with his thumbs during the 50 minutes' flying which brought all four officers into safety.

The two brave and alert rescuers have received the D.S.O.

A JUDGE ON THE PAPERS

Are They Necessary?

The High Court of Canada has made a startling decision. Newspapers, it says, are not necessities of life.

In consequence of this decision the Canadian Government has no power to compel the paper-makers to sell paper at controlled prices, and, faced with the increased cost which will follow this decision, the life of hundreds of Canadian papers is threatened.

We should like to know how the judge arrived at his decision. Surely we have travelled farther than the savage who rates as necessities of life those things which are essential to keeping life within the body. Canada is a democracy; the people elect the Government, and to do so they must know what their representatives in Parliament are doing and saying. How are they to do this if there are no newspapers? Surely good government is a necessity of life?

Then the majority of the people in the world get most of their knowledge from the papers, and is knowledge not a necessity of life? A world without news is a world without wonder, and a world without wonder is a world not worth living in.

ONE-MAN-POWER AEROPLANE

Machine That Flaps Its Wings

Successful aeroplanes of very low horse-power have been produced, but so far there is no instance of a machine being flown by man-power for any distance, although there have been many attempts to manage without an engine.

Experiments have been carried out by a French aircraft company for some time with a kind of bicycle with wings, but no great success has attended their efforts, the machine only rising from the ground and hopping for a few feet.

Another rather ingenious machine has been invented by a Stirlingshire farmer. It has wings that flap like a bird's, and therefore no propeller is necessary. The motive power is supplied by the working of the aviator's legs, which must be a very tiring operation, and so far the inventor has succeeded in rising only a few feet.

Even if aeroplanes can be made to fly successfully without an engine, such flying, although within the reach of all as regards expense, is hardly likely to be popular, for it will be hard work.

Machines with engines of small horse-power will be the back garden aeroplanes of the future. *Picture on page 12*

CAT TURNS ON THE DARK

The greater part of the town of Hamilton, in Ontario, was plunged into darkness through a short-circuit caused by a cat, which stepped on to a high-voltage wire and was killed.

DICK WHITTINGTON OF THE ARMY

BOY OF WHOM THE WORLD
IS PROUD

From a Poor Home in Lincoln-
shire to Dazzling Fame

FIELD-MARSHAL ROBERTSON

From the time when Mr. Gladstone, in defiance of the desperate appeal of Queen Victoria, abolished the hateful



Sir William Robertson

system by which any man with money could buy a commission in the Army, it has been our boast that any British soldier might carry a field-marshal's baton in his knapsack. Sir William Robertson is a living example verifying this honourable tradition.

He began his career as a poor private soldier; today he is a field-marshal. That is the highest military distinction possible to a soldier. Sometimes the rank is conferred on a man as the crown of a career that is closed, but here it is the deserved reward of a man who remains on the active list, who, in the unhappy event of military action again becoming necessary, would be in the forefront of our army.

It is like the story of a military Dick Whittington. General Robertson was as poor as Dick, and, like the London boy, he reached a stage when his prospects seemed hopeless beyond repair.

He is the son of parents whose position was of the humblest in the rural life of Lincolnshire, and he enlisted in the army because no other avenue seemed open to him. He took with him into the army commanding abilities, and that incomparable gift of character. Character, nerve, resolution to do the best that is possible in every situation, brought him modest advancement in India.

Character Wins

But the day approached when his term of service was to expire, and he said to a friend: "When this job ends I don't know where in the world I am to look for my next shilling." But, thanks to the abolition of Army Purchase, his merits brought him the commission which he would have been too poor to buy, and wherever there was fighting in the defence of the Empire there was Robertson in the thick of it—in the hilly North-West of India among wild, brave foemen; in South Africa before peace blended Boer and Briton into one community.

Robertson is not only a fighter who has risked his life and sustained grievous wounds; he is a thinker too, and bravery with brains is not as common in armies as history might suggest.

Up the Ladder of Fame

Success followed success once he had begun to mount the ladder, and his progress was along the intellectual side, the advance of a thinker who could train others to think and plan and act. He worked his way up to the position of Commandant of our Staff College at Aldershot, became Director of Military Training, and then led our first Infantry Division on to the fateful field.

He was a brilliant quartermaster-general, and attained one of the most responsible of all ranks in the Allied armies, that of Chief of the Staff, a rank in which he was brilliantly successful. And now, with the war ended, the poor soldier of other days gains the supreme distinction of field-marshal and a salary of £3000 a year.

He has been the idol of the rank and file, has enjoyed the confidence and admiration of all grades of officers, and stands foremost in the regard of all who esteem a valiant, talented man.

THE WONDER SHIP

Vessels That May Fly,
Float or Dive

SOMETHING FOR THE LEAGUE OF
NATIONS TO STOP

The war has unsettled people's minds as to the kind of defences Great Britain must have in the future. Some people think that our home is no longer on the deep, we must defend our land in the air. The battleship, they say, is doomed.

There are other men, however, who have visions of changes that may make battleships unlike anything seen before.

Both Mr. Walter Long, the First Lord of the Admiralty, and Sir Fortescue Flannery, M.P., who is an engineer and President of the Society of Consulting Marine Engineers, have been prophesying, though they do not expect a speedy fulfilment of their visions.

They see, in their mind's eye, a battleship which may rise into the air, or steam on the surface of the water, or close up and dive.

It is not likely that the battleship, the deadliest engine of destruction, will be such a quick-change expert in a dreadful business, but the soberest of engineers foresees the day when it may be possible—if the League of Nations does not stop nations from going mad.

VALUE OF MONEY NOW

The Good That a Little Will Do

It is wonderful how much good a little thing will sometimes do.

We sent out the other day a little cheque for £2 to a friend in Hungary. It seemed a small thing to do, but when our friend came to cash the cheque he received for it 1600 kronen—what we should roughly have called 1600 shillings, or £80, before the war.

Our friend is a librarian, and this sum represents more than a whole month of his salary from the library. It is a very odd example of what happens when money values change between two countries, and shows how much joy a little English money may bring in a country like Hungary now.

TELEPHONING IN A GREAT NOISE

Something New

A secret of the war which has recently come to light tells how, amid the noise of aeroplanes, telephone messages were sent from the observer to the pilot, and so on.

Neither a speaking tube nor an ordinary telephone was of any use, and so, after endless experiments, the mouthpiece of the telephone was done away with and a new form of transmitter was placed against the windpipe. The speech was then quite clear in spite of the most intense engine noise.

The method is to be applied now in factories that have noisy machinery.

GENEROUS NORWAY

Relief Trains for Starving Cities

A friend of the Children's Newspaper in Christiania writes to us that four big trains have lately been sent to Vienna loaded with food and clothing for the starving capital, and people have gone out in these trains to bring back each time 500 Viennese children.

A fifth train has now been sent out with relief for Buda-Pesth, where the conditions seem to be even more desperate, if possible, than in Vienna.

TWO JELICOES

Admiral Jellicoe, visiting an old naval family, was asked to meet the bright little Eight-Year-Old.

"Ah!" said the Admiral, "I know your name, but you don't know mine."

"What is yours?"

"Jellicoe."

"That's funny," said Eight-Year-Old. "I've got a rabbit called Jellicoe."

PROFESSOR TEACHES AN OYSTER

AT SCHOOL IN A SHELL

Queer Little Captive That
Learns Its Lesson Well

"SHUT YOUR MOUTHS AND
SAVE OUR LIVES"

One of the problems of the hungry Stone Age man was how to open an oyster. One of the problems of the twentieth century



Professor Gardiner

man is how to prevent the opened oyster from carrying death to those who eat it.

Polluted rivers, flowing to the sea, poison the waters in which the oysters breed, and convey germs of typhoid to the shellfish, which, in turn, transfer those germs to the table to which they are carried as food. Pollution of oyster waters is happily becoming a thing of the past, yet oysters have in recent years brought death. Now a learned man, Professor Stanley Gardiner, a Cambridge University zoologist, seems to have traced the mystery to its source.

The oysters, he finds, derive their poison, not from the water, but from the unclean hands of the packers, from impure materials used for packing, or other means, between leaving the sea and coming to table. The reason is that, when out of the water, they open their shells and so admit impurity. If they remain with their shells sealed poison cannot enter. The way out of the trouble is to teach the oyster not to open, and that is what the professor has done.

How the Oyster is Taught

It sounds more like a joke than reality, but it is solemn fact. This wise man of Cambridge has actually taught oysters to keep their shells shut and themselves free from taint.

What he does is to educate the oysters by withdrawing them from their watery beds and drying them off, as it is called. If they open they die; if they remain closed they retain water in their shells, derive fluid oxygen for breathing from it, and are then re-laid upon their beds in the water. That lesson the oysters soon learn on leaving their water beds, and they turn it to account when they go to the market. The one exposure to the air which they have survived teaches them to remain closed when in transit to table. They keep their shells sealed, and no foul germs are admitted.

This is a wonderful thing, an almost incredible copying, in a simple lesson, of what Nature has from time to time taught all her children as they have emerged from the water to live on land.

Does the Oyster Remember?

Everything came out of the water originally; the remote ancestors of all living things that survive upon the earth today once had their homes in river and lake and sea. They had gills and breathed water; when they came ashore they had to learn to retain water in their gills between low tide and high tide, for the period that they were exposed to the air. By doing that again and again, gill-breathing animals became lung-breathing animals.

Something like this process is being applied to the artificial education of oysters now. Their drying-off makes them keep closed for what, on a later removal, must seem to them a second drying-off. Evidently oysters must remember. Will they transmit their memory to their offspring? An oyster lays 20 million eggs. Will all the little oysters come into the world with the professor's advice, "Keep your shell shut when out of the water," as part of their natural wisdom?

THE WEEK IN HISTORY

MAN WHO BRIDGED SPACE

Remarkable Story of an Island

PLAIN GIRL WHO WORE A
CROWN

April 25. Signor Marconi born at Bologna. . . 1874
26. Daniel Defoe died in London 1731
27. Edward Gibbon born at Putney 1737
28. The Mutiny of the Bounty 1789
29. The Duke of Wellington born in Dublin. 1769
30. Mary II., wife of Wm. III., born in London. 1662
May 1. John Dryden died in London 1700

Signor Marconi

SIGNOR MARCONI, son of an Italian father and an Irish mother, and married to an Irish lady, is known throughout the civilised world as the man who has brought all parts of it close together by his invention of wireless telegraphy.

He first tried his great invention across the Bristol Channel, between Penarth in Wales and Weston in Somerset. Now it projects its messages 2000 miles across the Atlantic Ocean, and tells every ship at sea that is fitted with its instruments where all the other ships are within a radius of 1400 miles.

Signor Marconi is always busy with extensions and developments of the great language of the air, by which nation calls to nation: "Let us be one;" and he keeps the whole world wondering What next?

The Mutiny of the Bounty

THE Bounty was a little English ship carrying, in 1789, Pacific island fruits for transplantation in the Indies. Her crew mutinied, turning their captain adrift with part of the crew, and 25 mutineers returned to the Society Islands. Six were captured at Tahiti, brought to London, and executed.

Nine others, with 16 Tahitians, of whom ten were women, sailed away from Tahiti and were not heard of for 18 years. Then an American ship found what had become of them.

Only one Englishman, John Adams, with a number of women and children, was found living on the mountainous little island of Pitcairn—an island named after the midshipman who had first sighted it in 1767.

The story they told was that four years after the mutineers had landed on the uninhabited island and destroyed their boat, in 1790, the native men killed all the white men except Adams. Then the native women killed all the native men.

John Adams, whose real name was Alexander Smith, shocked at what had occurred, began to teach the people Christianity, and their descendants have remained Christians since.

Three times attempts have been made to remove the inhabitants to other islands, visited more frequently by ships, but some have always gone back. They now number 140. Ships visit them rarely, but they have a small one of their own.

Mary II.

MARY II., wife of William III., was an English queen, but we hear little of her. That is because her Dutch husband, who received the British crown in 1688, was such an active man that he obscured his wife, through whom, in part, he claimed the crown.

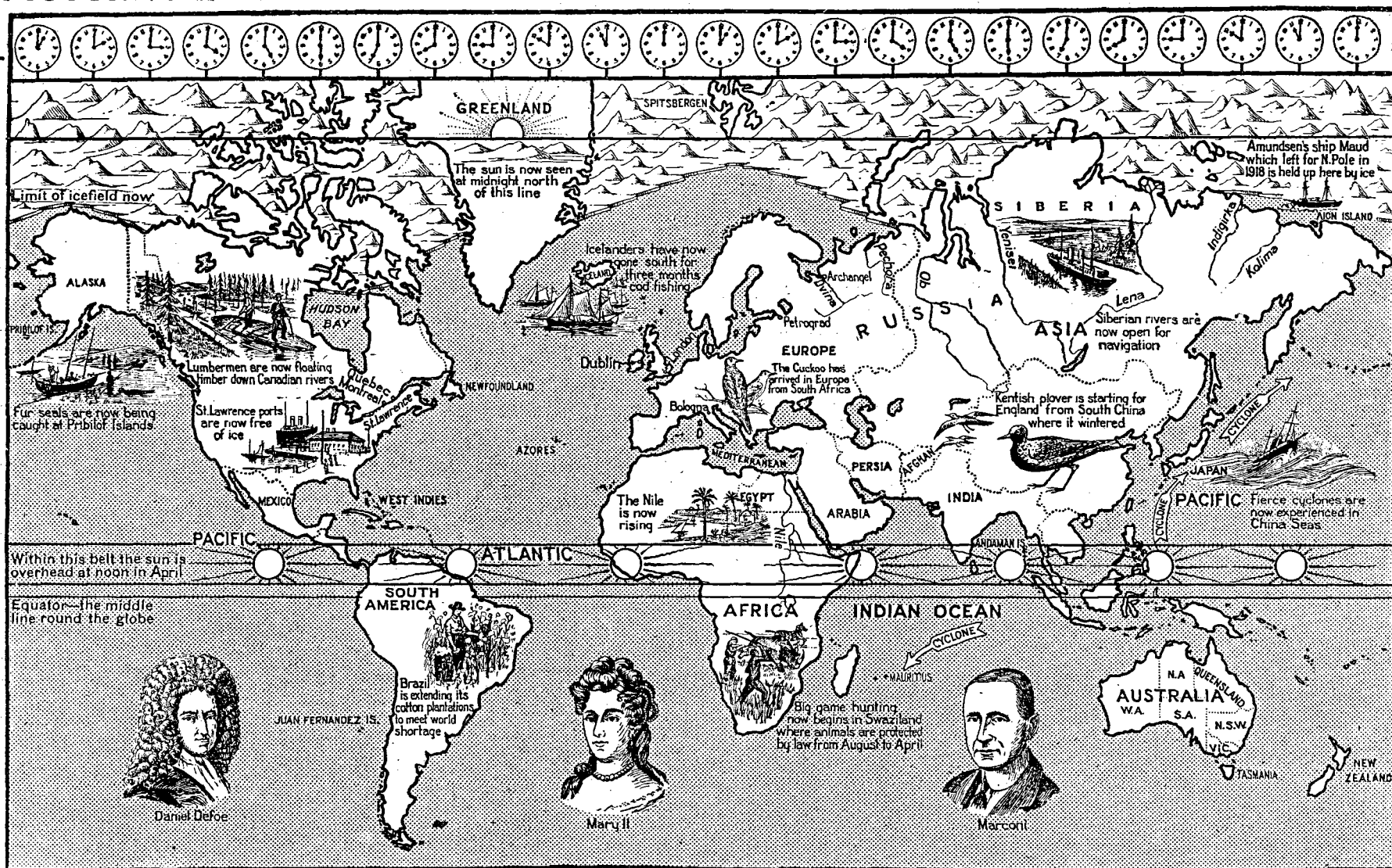
But Mary is interesting because her mother was not of royal birth, as kings' wives are now supposed to be.

Her mother was plain Anne Hyde, an English lawyer's daughter. Anne, whose father, Edward Hyde, afterwards became Earl of Clarendon, married James, a son of Charles I.

Anne Hyde, Duchess of York, never became queen, for she died before her husband, James II., inherited the crown; but two of her daughters, Mary II. and her sister Anne, granddaughters of a lawyer and great-granddaughters of a country squire, were queens of England.

Royalty sometimes married sensibly in those days.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP OF THE WORLD SHOWING THE SPRING EVENTS



GARRISON OF BABOONS
Intelligence of Queer Creatures

A correspondent in Rhodesia sends us these notes on the intelligence of baboons.

A troop of baboons who took up their residence in a large kopje near Bulawayo, formed a regular garrison to defend themselves against man and leopards.

They placed sentinels at various points, and relieved them several times a day. If an enemy were sighted they would raise a loud call, and then the baboons would advance if the intruder were a leopard, or retreat if he were a man.

They seemed to form a regular court for justice or debate. The elder baboons would sit round in a ring and talk solemnly. In the case of a young one misbehaving, its mother would spank it.

When these baboons went feeding in the crops they formed parties. On reaching a mealie patch they would enter it only after they had left sentinels, and at times the sentinels were relieved and allowed to feed like the others.

CELLULOID DANGER
Tragedy of a Comb

An old lady at Lee, aged 84, has lost her life through a celluloid comb.

Celluloid is one of the most dangerous things that come into our daily life. It is highly inflammable, and may catch fire in the sun. No children should be allowed to wear anything made of celluloid or to play with celluloid toys, and it is more than time that toy-shops were forbidden to sell these dangerous things.

In the case of the lady who has just died the comb caught fire in her hair.

TEETOTAL EMBASSIES

When Sir Auckland Geddes takes up his post in Washington he will be the head of the first teetotal British Embassy. All the foreign Embassies in Washington have decided to put alcohol out, not because they are bound to, for an Embassy is under the laws of its own country, but as an act of courtesy to the United States.

DENIKIN'S LAST SALUTE
The Russian War Dies Out

The civil war against the Bolshevik Government in Russia has died out.

Koltchak is dead, and his troops have dispersed in Siberia, the last organised group passing into China and laying down their arms.

Denikin has withdrawn from Southern Russia and reached Constantinople. His farewell order to the last remnant of his army has a proud sadness.

To all who marched honestly by me into the painful struggle, my humble salute.

That is his confession of defeat. What will follow in Russia is beyond the vision of any. For the moment Russia is again enslaved—this time not to Tsarism but to Bolshevism, whatever that may be.

LOVE AND A THRONE
Not a Hero After All

Prince Carol of Rumania is not a hero after all, and we apologise for having given, along with all the newspapers of the world, the story which represented him as surrendering his throne for the girl he loved.

The story has been a mystery for many months, but the prince's mother has now given the true explanation, and it seems that the prince, so far from giving up his throne for his wife, has given up his wife for his throne.

The marriage has now been cancelled, the prince has rejoined his regiment, and the girl is well rid of a burden.

IN THE AUCTION ROOMS

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction-rooms for objects of interest:

A 15th century book	£6700
A Frisian bull	£4725
The records of a Durham family	£2000
An Italian breviary	£1800
A bull calf	£1680
Copy of Pliny's Natural History	£1200
Six Hepplewhite chairs	£360
A lamb, six weeks old	£105

SOUP FOR CHANGE
Trouble in the German Shops

Germany is finding that one of her difficulties after the war is in giving change across the counter for small sums, the reason being that the metal in coins is worth more than the coins stand for, and so the coins are collected to sell as metal at more than their face value.

What can the shopkeepers do, therefore, when they wish to give change of the value of a farthing or a halfpenny? In England sometimes drapers have been known to give packets of pins instead of halfpence or farthings. On the same principle the German tradespeople are giving small soup-tablets or cubes when their customers do not wish to take postage stamps.

The soup-tablet change is very handy in countries where soup is a part of the daily food, but it would not be suitable in England, where soup is only put on the table occasionally by working people.

C.N. CHILDREN'S FUND
Ninety Thousand Shillings

The total number of shillings sent in for the C.N. Fund for the starving children in Vienna is now 95,000. It is enough to feed 50,000 children for one week, or to take 2000 such children to Switzerland for three months' nursing back to health.

The Editor much regrets that, owing to the shortness of space and the cost of paper, it is not possible to print the enormous list of schools that have been taking collections for the Fund, but all collections and subscriptions are acknowledged direct by post from the Save the Children Fund.

LAST MONTH'S WEATHER

LONDON		RAINFALL	
Hours of sun	107.3	London	ins. 1.42
Hours of rain	35.9	Weymouth	ins. 2.91
Wet days	18	Cardiff	ins. 4.40
Dry days	13	Edinburgh	ins. 2.18
Warmest day	30th	Fort William	ins. 9.84
Coldest day	8th	Dublin	ins. 2.05

MARCONI AT SEA
Studying the Mysteries of Space

By Our Marconi House Correspondent

Mr. Marconi has sailed away to the Mediterranean Sea in his yacht, the Elettra, which is a wonder-ship, and many of us would consider ourselves highly privileged were we permitted to sail on her.

The famous inventor has fitted her with the very latest wireless apparatus, so that he will be able to telegraph or telephone over hundreds of miles. In addition to this he is taking all the things he needs to enable him to continue his researches into the mysterious world of ether which he has opened up to mankind.

Some of this work can be done best on a wireless station which moves from place to place, and so he has put to sea and will travel from latitude to latitude, investigating, with that cool, keen brain of his, some of those things about wireless which still need improvement or explanation. In particular, he is going to study the wonderful art of wireless direction-finding, with a view to perfecting it.

Interviewed shortly before his departure, Mr. Marconi made it quite plain that his intention is not to investigate during the voyage those strange signals which some people suggest are messages from Mars. Owing to the enormous length of the waves which constitute these signals, their observation is much more suited to a wireless station on land.

We wish him *bon voyage*, and feel sure that the world will benefit by the work he will do on the Elettra.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Amundsen	Ah-moond-sen
Monastir	Mon-ass-teer
Sandes	Sands
Saskatchewan	Sas-katch-ee-wan
Schiaparelli	She-ah-par-el-lee

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

APRIL 24 1920

Plover Eggs Are Cheap
Today

Plover eggs were on sale in Buxton yesterday at fivepence each. The Newspapers

In his lovely ode to a nightingale, which will live as long as the nightingale sings, Keats wrote exultantly about that haunting songster of the dusk, No hungry generations tread thee down.

It was generally true in his day. It is generally true now. What should we think of the savage who would eat the bird whose song floods the duldest human heart with wonder and romance!

And yet there was a time when a degenerate Roman thought it a fine thing to serve up at his banquet a dish of nightingales' tongues; and it is said that there are still people who can sit at table and consume a meal like that.

Even now, with all our taste and kindness and love for the delicate beauties of bird life, those poets of the air, we are not entirely guiltless of the same revolting grossness as we read of in Old Rome.

"Plovers' eggs were on sale in Buxton yesterday at 5d. and 6d. each," says the daily newspaper; and the modern glutton smacks his lips as he reads.

Plovers' eggs! There is no more callous heart in England than his who eats a plover's egg. There is not in all the wide range of our winged friends a more useful bird, or one that wins more surely the sympathy of men who are not mere stomachs.

It is vain that the students of bird-life, and its helpfulness in making the earth fruitful, say, again and again, that the plover lives upon the most destructive of insects, and is invaluable in saving the crops on which mankind depends for food.

It is in vain that the lover of birds, in all their lovely, cunning, and watchful freedom, points out how anxiously and cleverly these plaintive haunters of the brown fallows try to conceal and rear their young, who would be the farmer's best helpers if they were allowed to live.

No; the human glutton takes no notice. He must satisfy his fanciful palate whatever happens. Nightingales' tongues have gone out of fashion; but plovers' eggs are fivepence each, the speckled brown treasures are in the shops of Buxton and elsewhere, and the crops that should be the glory of our fields and the food of our people in the autumn will be thinned by the insects that the human glutton, by destroying the plovers, will have allowed to live.

And so we, you and I, and our beautiful country, must be punished at last for the grossness of these gluttons, from whom we may pray to be saved. If Parliament only cared!



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world

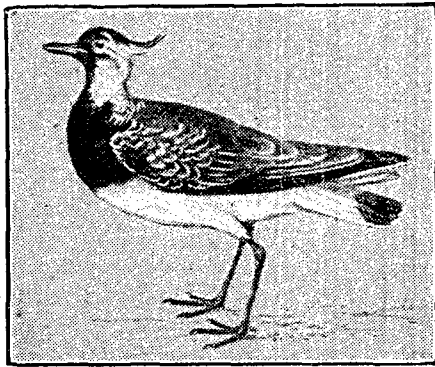


These Three

THE German Minister of War has just laid down the sword. He began by making perambulators; he is to end by making newspapers.

The sword, the pram, the newspaper—these three! Do they not make the history of mankind?

There are those who believe in the sword, and they perish with the sword. There are those who believe in newspapers, and they make a mighty noise. But, ah! for those who believe in prams, for theirs is the future and the Kingdom of Heaven.



The great friend of England eaten to satisfy a greedy appetite—the Plover See next column

Constantinople

THE fate of Constantinople seems to be still in the balance. It seems to be a question for the Allies whether to occupy Constantinople or to be occupied with Constantinople another hundred years.

D.O.R.A.

WE can all sleep soundly in our beds, for D.O.R.A. is watching over us. Her care of us is wonderful.

Think of the danger to our railways if season-ticket holders were not worried by being made to show their tickets to the same person at the same gate every morning and every night!

And think what might happen to the empire if theatres were allowed to sell chocolates after half-past eight at night!

It is D.O.R.A. who saves us from calamities like these, and it does one good to think that, however long-suffering the nation may be, D.O.R.A. has a merry time.

Daddie Goes Out

NOT half has ever been told of the tragedy of the housing problem. Or do the authorities think it a comedy?

Who can read without a tear that case in which a mother told a magistrate that they had no room to live? She had far more children than rooms, and she added pathetically: "We have no convenience for my husband, so he has to go out."

Poor daddie!

After All

THE tinplate millionaire's widow who married Tino's brother and should have been a Greek princess is not allowed to call herself a princess after all. It must be terrible.

Paying for Nothing

MR. KIPLING has been putting a penny—or is it two pennies now?—into one of those automatic machines which give you nothing back, and he told the pier-master to tell his company that the machine was a public fraud.

So it is. There are too many of these mechanical robbers on stations and piers and in public places, and we should like to see a law which would allow anybody swindled by these machines to cart away the whole concern.

Tip-Cat

SOMEBODY has been lecturing on "Could the war have been prevented?" Is it any good trying to lock the stable door now the horse has gone?

THE whole trouble seems to be that nations cannot translate their pacts into pax.

KARL thinks a monarchy is the only hope for Austria. It is certainly the only hope for Karl.

FIVE seamen have been fined for smuggling clocks. They were only passing the time.

CONSTANTINE wants to sell the Greek crown. No doubt Madame Tussaud's would buy it.

PRICES soar. So are we.

PEOPLE in Poplar have found it difficult to get coal. Why not live in firs?

THE Kaiser is said to be highly strung. In anticipation?

A SCIENTIST claims that he can blow a soap-bubble that will last a year.

We have known some bubbles last longer.

PRICES seem to think there is always room at the top.

THE new road to ruin: Any buy-way.

BANK clerks complain that they have to live on the poverty line. It must be worse than walking the tight-rope.

The Next Great Victory

PRESIDENT POINCARÉ has stepped down from the throne of France, but he has left a great watchword behind him. Here it is.

"Now that the victory of arms is ours, we must gird our loins for a greater triumph—against alcohol."

That is an enemy that we have all to fight, and every wise statesman is watching the splendid experiment in America, where alcohol is to be used for its right purpose—as power for building up instead of pulling down.

The Siege

By Our Country Girl

THE Winter, with his snowy troops,
Was camped about the world;
His cavalry of mighty gales
Upon our ramparts hurled.

OUR garrison was gaunt and starved;
We watched the hills in vain;
But no relief force rode against
The regiments of the rain.

A GALLANT spy, disguised as snow,
Appeared one bitter day.

"Hold out, be true," the Snow-drop said;
"Our troops are on the way."

AND next a Primrose staggered up,
A messenger from Spring,
So faint and weak he scarce
could give

The hope she bade him bring.
THE storms prevailed, and, sick at heart,
We said the Primrose lied,
Till suddenly across the hill
We saw the banners ride.

NEXT, like the pipers to Lucknow,
The Cuckoo called, and then
Battalions of the Buttercups
Came charging down the glen.

The Old Woman With The
Snowdrops

By Our Country Girl in Town

The papers have reported the death of a man by starvation and the conviction of a beggar with £60 in his pockets.

Wondering how beggars prosper, and who gives to them, I went out to watch.

I selected an old woman offering snowdrops. She was so old that she hardly seemed to see or hear or feel; she neither spoke nor stretched out her hand, but sat like some gnarled old bush on which the wind had blown a ragged skirt, a greasy bonnet, and a tattered shawl.

Who would give to her? This is what I saw.

Lady in furs, with pet dog . . . passes by
Two ladies in sables . . . pass by
Hospital nurse . . . gives
Shabby girl, perhaps a waitress . . . gives
Two overdressed youths . . . pass by
Artistic lady in strange clothes . . . passes by
Artistic gentleman with long hair . . . passes by
Prosperous-looking artisan . . . passes by
Shabby-genteel woman . . . gives

A poet who was once a beggar says there is a charitable heart in every street if one has impudence and perseverance enough to seek it at every door; but the mean streets are the most certain source of revenue to the beggar.

Why should this be? The rich people who passed by had not harder faces than the poor; but the prosperous ones could not understand hunger and cold.

Pity is a matter of imagination, like cruelty. The thing which makes a little child hurt an animal closes the purse of the rich against the beggar: they simply do not know how it feels.

Imagination is no longer something which has to do with fairies, witches, and dreams. Imagination is the thing which would end all strikes and war. It is the gift of seeing the other's point of view.

Father, We Thank Thee

For flowers that bloom about our feet,
For tender grass, so fresh and sweet,
For song of birds and hum of bee,
For all things fair we hear or see,

Father in heaven, we thank Thee!
Ralph Waldo Emerson



PETER PUCK
WANTS TO KNOW
If the new nations
have all the old
quarrels

LIKE A JOAN OF ARC IRISH LADY WHO COMES INTO HISTORY

Thrilling Adventures with the
Serbian Army

HONOURED IN AN ACT OF PARLIAMENT

Why is it that England has such an unrivalled influence on the opinions of the world was a question repeatedly asked in the German papers during the war; and it was answered in every way but the right one.

It is not her wealth, it is not her government or her official representatives that have made Britain's name respected the whole globe round. It is her *unofficial ambassadors*, ordinary men or women who obey the impulse of our race and wander out into the world, and who, wherever they encounter other people, never fail to respect their ways, sympathise with their ideas, learn as much as they can about them, but all the time rigidly hold to their British nationality.

Woman's Marvellous Heroism

The story of the British Empire is built up of tales of these unofficial ambassadors, and the war has added another splendid chapter to them, the story of Lieutenant Flora Sandes.

In 1914 Miss Sandes went out with a contingent of five British V.A.D.s to help to nurse the Serbian wounded. They split up later, and soon Miss Sandes was the only one attached to a Serbian regimental ambulance.

When the great retreat began in 1915, and the gallant Serbs were pressed back by an overpowering force, the ambulance had to be abandoned. It was hopeless to attempt to transport the wounded over the rugged mountainous country through which the army was retreating at breakneck speed, fighting fierce rear-guard actions all the way; and so, as there was no more nursing to be done, Miss Sandes took off her Red Cross uniform and put on that of a soldier, taking a rifle and fighting like any private during all those terrible weeks.

Left for Dead

In the action that was fought when the Serbs were capturing Monastir she was wounded by a hand bomb and left for dead, but a Serbian officer, though himself wounded, crawled through a shower of bombs to save her, and he found, to his joy, that, though wounded in 24 places, with an arm broken, she still lived. After an agonising journey she reached the base hospital, and in five months she was fit again, and back in the fighting line.

Step by step she mounted the ladder of the army. Three months saw her a corporal, six a sergeant, at the end of the year she was a sergeant-major.

From 1916 Miss Sandes fought in every action up to the fall of Belgrade. After the great push which resulted in the Bulgarian surrender, there was a call for more officers, and naturally Sergeant-major Sandes was on the list for promotion. But the laws of Serbia did not allow a woman to become an officer in the army, so a special Act of Parliament which mentioned Flora Sandes's name was passed, creating her an officer of the Serbian army.

Across the World for Serbia

She fought all through the great attack, in which the Serbs suffered hardships as great as those of the retreat, for they were days ahead of the transport and one poor meal was all they could expect in the 24 hours.

On her breast Miss Sandes carries three decorations—the Kara George Star, which bears the inscription "For Valour," and is the equivalent of our V.C.; the St. Sava Cross for general service; and the Serbian Red Cross Star. Now she has decided to remain in the Serbian army, and is home again preparing for a year's tour in Australia, where she hopes to raise interest in Serbia and to secure help in setting up the country's agricultural industry again.

QUIET END OF A GREAT STRUGGLE

THE British Parliament has a wise way of letting some time pass before an alteration in the law which has been fiercely contested throughout the country and in Parliament comes into force.

This allows heated feeling to calm down, and often a change comes in almost unobserved, which once was hotly pressed and as hotly resisted. The old fires have burned out.

It was in this way, in consequence of the passing of the Welsh Disestablishment Bill, that the Church of Wales ceased to be a State Church and therefore a part of the Church of England when April set in. Tens of thousands of public meetings have been held to discuss this subject, and feeling has raged hotly over it almost as long as anyone can remember; but when the fight is lost and

won, and the law is changed at last, the new arrangements are accepted quietly, and no one hears anything about the final settlement of a question that once excited millions.

What has hitherto been the Established Church of Wales—that is to say, the Welsh sister of the Church of England—is now no longer in any way connected with the State, but takes her equal place among the various churches of the land, with no pre-eminence. Its bishops, for example, no longer sit in the House of Lords.

Had it not been for the election of their Archbishop by the Bishops of the now independent Welsh Church, scarcely a mention would have been made in the newspapers of the end of a political struggle that lasted for two generations.

THE IRISH LADY WHO STIRRED ALL SERBIA



Miss Flora Sandes, Lieutenant of the Serbian Army by special Act of Parliament, is now back home before leaving on a tour in Australia



WHERE KEATS HEARD THE NIGHTINGALE

WHENEVER a rare man comes into the world with the power born in him to show us the immortal beauty of the world, his memory should be honoured, and the scenes associated with his life carefully preserved.

This has happened with some great men, the most notable being Shakespeare. The little town where he was born and died is a museum dedicated to his memory. To Stratford-on-Avon all the world comes, "to bless the turf that wraps his clay."

In a less degree, but still with certainty, John Keats, the poet of beauty, deserves that all who live after him shall "do him reverence." His fame has been expanding from generation to generation, and will endure with increasing lustre.

The house where he wrote some of his loveliest poetry, at Hampstead, may now be bought and preserved to give him a place of memory in his own land. He lies far away in Rome, where he died so young that he feared his name was only "writ in water" and would perish. But his fears were needless, for he will live

long because his writings have the beauty that endures. As he himself said, A thing of beauty is a joy for ever. Its loveliness increases; it will never Pass into nothingness.

His mind created those things of beauty in rich abundance, so we ought to give those who come after us a place where they can dream of him, a place he knew, which recalls his work. Such a place is the house at Hampstead, where he wrote his ode to the nightingale.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird! No hungry generations tread thee down; The voice I hear, this passing night, was heard In ancient days by emperor and clown; Perhaps the self-same song that found a path Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home, She stood in tears amid the alien corn.

So the voice of Keats will be heard when the days in which he lived will seem ancient, and nowhere will its echoes be sweeter than in the house where his thoughts visited him at Hampstead.

Here is a great chance for some rich man to be worthy of his riches.

NATURE IN ALL HER GLORY

THE RARE OLD GARDEN OF REDHILL

Thieves Burst Through the
Open Gate of Heaven

WIGGIE AND ITS WONDER

By a Traveller Passing By

If ever you should be in Surrey when the daffodils are blooming, and would like to see the rarest sight in all that countryside, go to Redhill and ask for Wiggie. Heaven, they say, is flowers, and like the very gate of heaven just now is Wiggie.

Wiggie is on the oldest maps you find of Surrey. It was put there in Queen Elizabeth's time, and all through these centuries this old farmstead has stood there. Kings have been and gone, Shakespeare and Milton came, Charles lost his throne, and England lost America, but all has been quiet at Wiggie. And now, in the springtime of the year, this little bit of England is part of our natural glory, a mass of flowers hardly to be rivalled anywhere, there for you and me to see, with a gate as wide open as the door of Barnado's homes.

Fields of Nodding Daffodils

This old-world garden is kept for everybody. Here lives Mr. Arthur Trower, a good friend of the Children's Newspaper who loves his flowers as his children, who comes to them early and leaves them late, who builds up his rockeries, makes his paths, sows his seed, with his own artist's hand, believing that art has no picture like Nature's, and that no joy in Nature can compare with gardens and their making.

And so Mr. Trower has made this garden through the last twenty years and more, until it is crammed with every colour Nature knows, creeping up banks and over stones, along the paths and over the arches, and leading us on, through winding glory after glory, until we see, beyond, great fields of nodding daffodils, such a sight as Wordsworth would have loved to see, such a sight as he would have walked from end to end of England to have seen. Thousands upon thousands these daffodils blow in the wind, stretching on and on like trembling gold.

Garden Free for All

For year after year they have been growing; but none have been pulled; this garden is for the pleasure of all and not for a few. All the world is free to come, to wander and rest as it will, and a great multitude of people in the last twenty years have trodden down these paths and given themselves a memory that will not fade away; for they who have been to Wiggie in springtime are not likely to forget.

But this springtime a thing has happened that seems incredible, and Mr. Trower has had the saddest hour in all his life. In the silence of the early morning, when the daffodils were waking up and nodding to the rising sun, a pack of thieves broke in and trampled down the daffodils, and cut them off in thousands to make a five-pound note.

Pitiful Thieves

Poor, brutal, ignorant thieves, they can hardly have thought of the meanness of it all; it can hardly have occurred to them that they were robbing great numbers of people of infinite happiness, and breaking for a little while the heart of a man who gives himself to give the world a lovely sight to see.

Wiggie is recovering now from this mean outrage. There the garden lies, round the corner in a country lane, and if you would see what a garden can be, Nature in all her glory, there still is time to reach Redhill before the glory fades.

NEW YORK COPIES CHARLES STUART TURNING MEMBERS OUT OF PARLIAMENT

John Milton and the Men Who Teach False Doctrine

"TRUTH NEXT TO GOD"

By Our Political Correspondent

The State of New York has been doing what Charles Stuart tried to do; it has been turning men out of Parliament. The Assembly, or State Parliament, of New York, declares that it will not allow five elected Bolsheviks to take their seats. Very little has been said about this act by British newspapers, perhaps because the less said in this country about the affairs of other countries the better.

But the turning of members out of a Parliament by the Parliament itself, after they have been chosen for the Parliament by the citizens, raises a principle which forms the foundation of the government of every free country, and ought to be understood by everyone.

Modern free countries are governed by a small number of people chosen by the country. They are in the Parliaments by the wishes of the people who vote, representing these people. They speak the thoughts of the majority of voters, and try to make such laws as the voters want. It is on the people who vote that the whole Parliament rests.

How to Find the Truth

What right, then, have the few men who have been elected to say that others, who have been properly elected, shall not be in the Parliament? For a majority in the Parliament to turn a few of their elected comrades out is the same thing as if they deprived the people who voted for these disliked men of their rights as citizens.

But not only do the members who turn out their fellow members rob the people who elected those members of their rights as free citizens; they show that they are afraid of allowing free discussion of the questions on which there is a disagreement, and the very foundation of free government is that there shall be free discussion, in which the real truth is best discovered.

That is what the Parliament of New York State will not allow. It is afraid that Truth will suffer. It has no deep belief in the victory of Truth, and so it silences those with whom it disagrees.

John Milton's Golden Words

With the Bolsheviks who have been turned out of the New York Assembly few in this country will have any sympathy, though enough Americans sympathized with them to elect five of them.

Bolsheviks do not deserve sympathy as long as they will not allow Russia to have a free Parliament. They do to others what the New York Assembly does to them—they forcibly silence those who oppose them.

In that they are as wrong as the Assemblymen of New York. Free discussion, whether in Russia, or New York, or England, is the one way of finding what is good. John Milton put the point clearly once for all when he protested against men's thoughts being forbidden, their mouths closed, and their pens stopped. This is what he said, and it deserves to be written in letters of gold:

Give me liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience, above all other liberty. And though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field we do injuriously by prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple. Who ever knew Truth to be put to the worse in a free and open encounter? For who knows not that Truth is strong next to the Almighty?

The New York Assembly does not know it. The Bolsheviks do not know it. But all true believers in freedom know it.

INVENTIONS & IDEAS

Things Just Patented

By Our Patent Office Expert

These inventions have been only just patented, and the Editor has no further information.

A SAFETY TEAPOT

A teapot with a lid that screws on and a spout attached all the way up the pot, so that it cannot be knocked off easily. It is a very suitable article for use at a camp or in a workshop where rough usage is unavoidable.



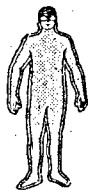
TO PREVENT CHAFING

A flexible sock is attached at the toe to a stiff sock, having an ankle strap. The lower sock extends slightly beyond the flexible one to permit the up-and-down movement of the foot.



AN AIRMAN'S COSTUME

This is made of some impervious non-elastic material, so that no matter how high the airman may ascend the air pressure on his body remains normal, as the garment will not give to the lighter pressure of the outside air. The space between the man's body and the garment is filled with air at the pressure of the ordinary atmosphere.



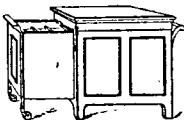
A SPOON REST AND HOLDER

A metal attachment for a spoon, with a hook to suspend it on the mouth of a jar. This is particularly useful for cooks when using a spoon the handle of which is shorter than the depth of the vessel in which they are stirring a liquid. The spoon need not be taken from the vessel.



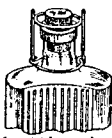
A USEFUL MUSIC STOOL

It has a container for music which runs on castors and can be drawn out from the stool to its full extent. In this way space is greatly economised, and the music is always conveniently handy.



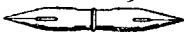
A POISON-BOTTLE GUARD

This is a wire guard to fit on the neck of a bottle containing poison, and any attempt to draw the cork directs attention to the character of the bottle. Experience has proved that a crinkled bottle is not sufficient safeguard.



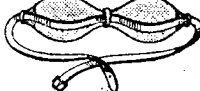
A DOUBLE-ENDED NIB

A nib with two writing points, so that when one is crossed or worn down the nib can be reversed in the holder.



A LEG HOLDER FOR PATIENTS.

This is to fasten the legs of a patient down in bed, and thus restrain harmful movement.



Lozenge-shaped rubber bands pass over the knees, and a non-elastic webbing band attached at the middle and ends of the knee-caps straps round the bed.

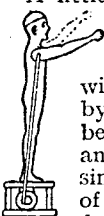
A HAND SIGNAL FOR MOTOR-CARS

A mechanical hand, one of which is placed on each side of a motor-car near the driver, and as he steers the car or puts on the brake the hand is raised by electricity, thus saving him the necessity of raising his own hand.



A TAPPING MODEL

A little figure of a man, which can be stood in a shop window, and by a clockwork arrangement is made to tap on the glass with his hand to attract passers-by. The idea could, of course, be adapted to any size figure, and as the mechanism is quite simple it would not easily get out of order. The figure would, no doubt, prove a useful advertising novelty in a crowded thoroughfare.



THE NICNIC

A Fly Too Small to be Seen TENANT OF THE KITCHEN DRAINS

An invisible microbe may kill a man in a few hours, and the microscopic larva of the hook-worm, entering man's body, is the cause of the heaviest weight of depression and disease that has ever rested on the human race.

Size counts for little in vital matters, and a fresh instance of this is now reported from the Philippines, where Dr. Charles S. Banks has been studying the "nicnic"—the native name for a "tiny fly too small to be seen."

It seems to us a very good name. After he had himself experienced the bite of a mysterious invisible insect of which he had often heard, Dr. Banks determined to run it to earth. He found that it was a new species of moth-fly, belonging to a family well represented in Britain, and with near relatives in the Mediterranean region, India, and Ceylon.

The moth-flies are two-winged flies of extreme minuteness, almost woolly,

The Wheels That Make the Nation Go

Our greatest problem is transport.

Food is dear because of the difficulty of distributing it, and factories are waiting for raw materials congested at docks and stations. It is chiefly on railways that we rely for transport, and they form our biggest industry.

No less than £1,350,134,000 is invested in U.K. railways, a sum equal to about one-sixth of our National Debt. It is made up thus:

English railways . . . £1,122,654,000
Scottish railways . . . £187,801,000
Irish railways . . . £39,679,000

This money is represented by stations, lines, engines, coaches, and so on:

Miles of U.K. railways . . . 23,709
Number of locomotives . . . 24,363
Number of coaches . . . 73,118
Number of goods vehicles . . . 745,419
Other vehicles . . . 41,950

Vastly increased quantities of all these are urgently required to deal with the work now waiting. Here is a year's work on the railways of the U.K.:

Passengers carried . . . 1,454,761,000
Tons of goods carried . . . 568,201,000
Paid by passengers . . . £56,977,826
Paid for goods traffic . . . £66,639,709
Total receipts . . . £168,721,469
Cost of working . . . £115,993,894
Number of employees . . . 643,135

British railways are particularly free from accidents, but in the last year known 899 were killed and 4208 injured.

like microscopic moths. The nicnic is about one-twelfth of an inch long, so small and grey and shaggy that one can hardly see it on one's hand even when the pain of the puncture is obvious. It is not in any hurry, either, for it goes on gorging itself for nine to fifteen minutes, and yet you cannot locate it! Each puncture causes a distinct wheal, and the pain is severe, worse than that caused by most mosquito bites. The nicnic works at night, and it is so small that it can crawl through the finest mosquito curtains. It is believed that the nicnic breeds in the kitchen drains.

Here, then, we have a vicious biter which very probably spreads some microbial disease as well. As the nicnic was an invisible and invincible enemy, but as *Phlebotomus nicnic* it is intelligible to scientists, and now that it has been identified in some way or other it will be circumvented.

NEW FUEL

Fifteen hundred million tons of new fuel have been discovered in Esthonia. It is a kind of shale, giving about half as much heat as coal, but it can be burnt in furnaces, and is already being used on a large scale.

GOOD SAMARITANS OF BUDA-PESTH

Saving the Children

FEEDING & CLOTHING THE LITTLE VICTIMS OF THE GREAT WAR

From Our Special Correspondent in Hungary

In Buda-Pesth, as in Vienna, are everywhere famine and misery. Little children lack clothing and food, and are stunted and deformed and diseased. But happily the children of Great Britain have come to the rescue, with the people of many other nations, and have saved thousands of children from death.

The American Relief Mission has done really remarkable work, and at present it is feeding more than a hundred thousand children. At the head of this mission is Captain Richardson, and today he was kind enough to take me round in a motor-car.

First of all he took me to see the tailoring establishment. It was a hive of industry, and everything was beautifully managed. There were bales and bales of cloth, cut by skilled cutters, and there were no less than 300 girls busy at sewing machines. The girls had been out of work before, but now they were getting good wages, and they were so happy over their tasks that when we went in they were all singing.

Thousands of Coats

Most of the cloth was being made into little overcoats, and so hard were cutters and sewers working that Captain Richardson said they could turn out ten thousand overcoats a week. Altogether fifty thousand overcoats were to be made. Think what it must mean to a thin, half-starved, shivering little boy to have a beautifully-made overcoat! And think of fifty thousand little children all supplied with overcoats! How proud and warm they must feel!

The big shop where the overcoats are made was formerly an army tailoring workshop, and the very same cutters engaged in this work of charity were formerly engaged in making uniforms for soldiers, whose business it was to kill. It made one realise how much greater love is than hate.

Thanking God for Unknown Friends

From the tailor's shop Captain Richardson took me to the food stores, and there I saw mountains of flour, sugar, beans, corned beef, cocoa, marmalade, and all sorts of good things. It specially pleased me to see so much sugar, for I know, as a doctor, how good sugar is for growing children. Most of the food had come from North and South America, and I actually saw food being unladen from barges that had come down the Danube from Germany.

From the food stores we went to a school where hundreds of children are fed daily, and we arrived at feeding time. There were about 150 just going to dine when we went in. Before they began their dinner they all stood up and chanted a prayer, praying that God would bless the kind people who sent them food; and very touching it was to hear these poor, pale, thin children, with their childish voices, calling down blessings on their benefactors thousands of miles away—the readers of the Children's Newspaper among them.

Work of Mercy

The children had been specially selected by teachers and doctors, and most of them looked miserably ill and thin—one child five years old weighed only twenty-five pounds. But the lady superintendent informed me that they all looked much better since they had got the food from England and America, and with tears in her eyes she declared that it was one of the noblest works of mercy ever undertaken.

I tasted everything. I have not tasted such really wholesome food since I left England.

The Children's Newspaper is not unknown here, and now Hungarian children are going to take it in order to learn English, and I saw in a library here six or seven bound volumes of My Magazine.

THE WEEK IN NATURE

Warblers Singing

THE CUCKOO IS HEARD

The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
The young birds are chirping in the nest,
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
The young flowers are blowing towards the west.
Go out, children, from the mine, and from the city,
Pluck your handfuls of the meadow cowslips pretty. MRS. BROWNING

NATURE CALENDAR NEXT WEEK

April 25. The ringdove lays its eggs
The wryneck's song is first heard
The green-veined butterfly is on the wing
26. Young of common snail hatch out
The lesser whitethroat is first heard
The hedge-warbler begins to sing
27. The whitethroat's song is heard
The poplar hawk-moth is first seen
The chaffinch lays its eggs
28. The reed bunting's song begins
Cuckoo is heard for the first time
29. Large tortoiseshell butterfly is seen
The whinchat begins to sing
30. Young redbreasts are now fledged
The lime hawk-moth appears
May 1. Ringdove hatches its young
Young song thrushes begin to fly



The moon in the middle of next week

Time-table of Sun, Moon, and Sea

	Sunday	Wednesday	Friday
Sunrise	5.46 a.m.	5.40 a.m.	5.36 a.m.
Sunset	8.11 p.m.	8.16 p.m.	8.19 p.m.
Moonrise	11.54 a.m.	3.33 p.m.	5.52 p.m.
Moonsset	2.37 a.m.	3.52 a.m.	4.39 a.m.
High Tide	7.50 p.m.	11.40 p.m.	1.17 p.m.

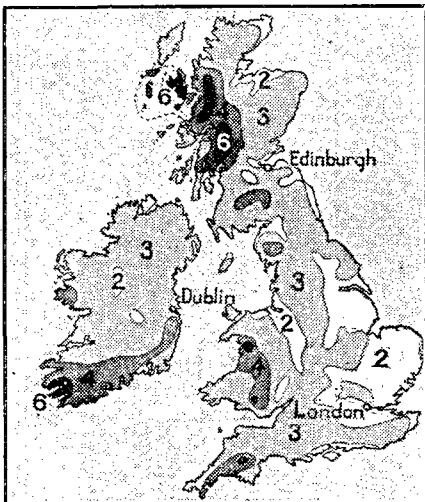
Tide is for London; black figures mean next day.

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Sow successional batches of turnips, and hoe and thin out plants already up. Shallots should have the soil hoed and loosened about them. Sow seeds of sorrel, tarragon, and thyme, or propagate by division.
Spring bedding should be looking very bright at this season, as most of the plants will be in flower. Keep the edges of the beds trimmed and clear off all decayed leaves or other rubbish.
Grass will now be growing well on the lawns, and will need cutting. It should be swept first, then rolled, and after this the machine may be run over it. Harden off pelargoniums and other similar plants.

C.N. WEATHER MAPS OF THE U.K.

The Rain of April



This map shows the average rainfall in inches for different areas during the month of April

SALMON AS BIG AS A BOY

Big Fish from the Rivers

A GIANT OF THE WYE

Fishermen grumble about the decline of the salmon fisheries at home, but our rivers can still produce fine fish. Many big salmon have lately been caught in the River Wye, and one caught by Colonel Tifney, D.S.O., weighed 52 pounds. That is about the weight of a romping boy.

It is not a record weight, but it ranks high. The heaviest salmon ever known to come from a British river was a seventy-pounder, caught in the Tay, which river has also yielded salmon of sixty pounds or over; and the Shannon has occasionally produced fish weighing nearly 60 pounds. The Tay salmon was just short of 4½ feet long, and its girth was 31½ inches, so that in all respects it was a giant of fresh-water fish.

These splendid creatures do not build up their substance in the rivers. They go out to sea when young, eat prodigiously of unlimited shrimps and other foods, and grow astonishingly. The increase varies, of course, as conditions vary, and according to the activity of the fish and its resolve to fight for food.

Way of a Salmon

Marked fish, whose size and weight are known, have been recaptured and re-weighed in thousands of cases, and sometimes, when a fish has hung about the river and shunned the sea, there has been increase of length but not in weight; in others, a youngster of four pounds has grown to a beauty of 14 pounds in less than four months; while a midget weighing an ounce grew, in 14 months, till it weighed 3½ pounds.

Salmon life is a fascinating study. The eggs are laid far up our sweet, clean rivers, and there the young fish pass the first year or two of their lives. Then they go to sea and fatten, and, no matter how far they may wander in the sea, they return almost unerringly to their native river to lay their eggs.

Frank Buckland, one of the pioneers of salmon study, used to say he wished young salmon were all born in his back kitchen, for he knew that when they were fine, big fish, they would return from the sea to the old cradle to spawn.

But the law of averages works with salmon as with all other forms of life. They go forth to devour; and enemies are waiting to devour them. Careful investigations show that, for every thousand young salmon that put forth to sea, only three are spared to return. This Wye giant must have been going and returning for years before he snapped at the fatal fly which caught him.

ODD SCENE IN A MOTOR CAR

Famous Naturalist Sees a Swallow's Feat

A true story from America illustrates the swiftness and skill of a bird's flight. A minister was motoring in the State of New York with John Burroughs, the famous writer about birds, in the front of the car and a watchful boy behind.

When the car was running 30 miles an hour, something flashed close past the head of the minister, who was driving. He pulled up to warn his son to keep quiet, and not interfere with the driver.

The boy replied that he had not done anything, but a bird had swooped down and picked from the driver's hat a feather sewn on the hatband.

Though the bird—which Mr. Burroughs thought to be a swallow cruising for feathers to line its nest—had managed to detach the feather it had not carried it clear away, but dropped it in the car, and the boy recovered it.

It is odd that this bold and clever dash, picking out a feather from a hat at thirty miles an hour, should have been made in the presence of one of the world's best students of birds and their ways.

PIT, PAT, POT

Three Cats of Hungary

THE BRIGHT INTELLIGENCE THAT COMES WITH KINDNESS

By Our Correspondent in Buda-Pesth

Our Hungarian correspondent, who has been reading our accounts of animal pets, sends us this description of his three cats, Pit, Pat, and Pot.

Some people say they don't like cats, for they are false and won't learn anything, but such people cannot have had cats in their house. When I lived out of the town I had three cats, and everybody who saw them asked what I had done that they were so big and clean.

What I had done was to give them their milk and other food regularly, and make a clean place for them in the wood-house. I had done nothing else.

Some say that cats should catch mice. But that is not enough. Where can three cats find mice every day? Besides, the best kind of cat does not eat mice. It only catches them for fun.

Puss Hunts for Tit-bits

My cats were very clever. Each knew its name as well as a dog knows his. If I called one, the others continued sleeping. If I called all three, they came running to me.

Not one would be late, for they knew that I had some good bits for them.

When I came home I always brought them a piece of liver; it is a fine dish for cats. If my cats did not see me the whole afternoon they knew I had been away, and waited for me by the hedge, expecting that there would be something in my pocket for them.

As I passed the hedge they sprang on my shoulders, mewing to ask what it was that I had brought.

Then I went indoors, sat down, and they sprang to the ground and began searching my pockets. And, of course, I had put the liver in my pocket where they could find it easily.

The Cats Go for a Walk

Then I cut it into small pieces, and made three portions of it, and said: "This is for Pit; this is for Pat; and that is for Pot." Then each ate its portion with great appetite; and, having washed themselves, they went to sleep.

When I had guests, and accompanied them on a walk, the cats came too; but if they saw we were going far from the house, they sat down and mewed. I think they were saying: "It is far enough; let us go back."

If I worked in the garden they were always with me, and only came to the house when I was called to meals.

They would not allow an unknown person to caress them.

When I saw my friends, they always asked me: "What are your clever cats doing now?"

By kind treatment cats and most animals may be made tame and intelligent.

ICI ON PARLE FRANÇAIS

THE BIRDS OF THE AIR

These verses are from the Sermon on the Mount in the sixth Chapter of Matthew.

24. Nul ne peut servir deux maîtres. Car, ou il haïra l'un, et aimera l'autre; ou il s'attachera à l'un, et méprisera l'autre. Vous ne pouvez servir Dieu et Mamon.

25. C'est pourquoi je vous dis: Ne vous inquiétez pas pour votre vie de ce que vous mangerez, ni pour votre corps de quoi vous serez vêtus. La vie n'est-elle pas plus que la nourriture, et le corps plus que le vêtement?

26. Regardez les oiseaux du ciel: ils ne sèment ni ne moissonnent, et ils n'amassent rien dans des greniers; et votre Père céleste les nourrit. Ne valez-vous pas beaucoup plus qu'eux?

MYSTERY OF MARS

ARE LIVING BEINGS AT WORK?

Red Planet's Nearest Point to Earth

SUMMER AND WINTER IN ANOTHER WORLD

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

Mars will be at his nearest to us, and therefore at his brightest for this summer, on April 28. This is consequently the best time for astronomers to study the so-called canals and other details on his beautiful earth-like disc.

Excepting the Moon, Mars is just now the nearest body in the heavens to us, yet no less than 54,160,000 miles separate us, a terrific distance when we think over it. Indeed, an aeroplane travelling at 100 miles an hour would take nearly 62 years to reach it, and if we took a pea, placed it in front of us, and then placed another one, half the width, 140 feet away, this would constitute a model showing the relative sizes and the distance between the Earth and Mars now.

The supreme interest this little world has for us is owing to its being the only spot in the universe outside our own globe where any evidence can be seen of the possible handiwork of living beings.

First Sight of the "Canals"

In 1877, in the clear air of Milan, Schiaparelli discovered a number of faint, straight streaks stretching across large areas of the planet; and these he called canals, meaning a channel rather than an artificial canal. The late Professor Lowell made a special study of them, having a splendidly equipped observatory built at a height of 7000 feet, in the clear, dry air of Arizona, specially for this purpose, and there he spent the last 20 years of his life.

He proved that what appeared to be water was water, and not carbonic acid; and in 1905 there were obtained at his observatory several photographs of Mars, with the straight, dusky lines clearly depicted, so that they could be neither optical illusions nor mere fancy.

Coast of Mars

But still the lines might be, as some claimed, cracks in the planet's surface, or they might be clefts formed by the grazing of giant meteors, or even, as some asserted, chains of mountains or rows of isolated spots. These suggestions, however, failed to fit the facts.

Close scrutiny of parts of the "coast line," separating what appears to be the bluish or greenish-grey seas from the reddish-yellow continents, reveals at certain places inlets, or estuaries, resembling in shape the mouth of the Amazon. Some way inland are seen greenish-grey patches, which were once called lakes, but are now described as oases, and it is between the estuaries and the oases that the straight dusky streaks usually reveal themselves, getting darker as the Martian spring advances.

Stupendous Irrigation Scheme

It is even shown that these lines pass across some, but not all, of the greenish-grey areas which were once thought to be seas. This suggests that they are not seas but areas of green vegetation fed by the irrigation effected by the straight channels of water, for there are but few clouds on Mars, and therefore probably little rain, which would account for the vast reddish tracts of what are considered desert regions. The so-called canals are therefore believed to be narrow bands of fertile soil and vegetation, seventy miles wide or less, through which the straight but invisible water-course passes from the oasis to the sea.

Now, they are not curved and winding like terrestrial rivers, but, like all human constructions, take the shortest cut to the desired end, and it is the straightness of the lines that is held to prove that they are the intelligent handiwork of living beings.

G. F. M.

THE UNKNOWN TRAIL

A Tale of Terror and Adventure in the Sunless Depths of the Amazon Forest

Told by
Edward Wright

CHAPTER 26

In the Hands of Foes

THE enemy was in overwhelming numbers. The Inca tribesmen fought with desperate skill, but they could not guard all the openings between the trees. Still less could they prevent Ollantay's men from climbing over the line of defence.

Had it not been for the Englishmen's firearms, the girl queen would have been captured in the first great rush of rebels from all directions.

Meanwhile the Inca captain tried to break out on the farther side, so as to make a way of escape for the queen. But his men there fell into an ambush. He sent down the waterway for his canoes, but his messenger never returned.

"Great Queen," he said, "we have done all that men can do. My life I will not keep, but your life is too precious to risk. Before I die I must surrender you!"

"Before you die!" said Joy, from her perch in the tree.

She descended, and with all her old masterfulness looked her captain in the eyes. "If all is hopeless," she said, "I forbid you to die, or I also will fight to the death. Sound for a parley."

The defeated captain himself blew the trumpet. It was answered by the rebels. Joy stood, with her torch lighted, underneath a tree, with Ted, the seamen and the Inca captain behind her.

A chief in a headdress of macaw feathers came forward, and screamed with delight when he saw the royal girl.

"Noble lady," he said, with mock humility, "our great emperor, Ollantay, is seeking you in the city. Allow me the honour of conducting you to him."

Joy gazed at the traitor.

"These are my friends," she said, pointing to her companions. "Their lives must be spared, and they must remain at liberty."

"I will not harm them," said the rebel leader.

The captured canoes were brought up, and the four prisoners put in them. On reaching the river the boats did not turn towards the Golden City, but moved down the current past the village where Ollantay had kept Ted imprisoned.

It was late in the afternoon before the prisoners were landed by a town in a wide, low stretch of cultivated fields.

"Our luck's out," said Sam. "I would not have minded being captured if they had taken us to that city of gold."

"Don't talk like a bonehead," said Bill. "The little queen has saved our lives, and we shall feed like fighting cocks when we are made her bodyguard. All that Ollantay wants is to marry her. So after the marriage what she says will go, and we'll be walking like lords in the golden palaces."

Sam smoked dreamily, while Ted swayed between despair and pure delight in adventure. One of the rebels told him his father was still alive, but could not say where he was.

Joy spoke not a word. Her sweet, delicate face was completely altered. All the glow and play was gone from it, and, holding herself upright and rigid, she looked more like a young woman than a girl.

CHAPTER 27

Tricked!

OLLANTAY met the captive queen by the waterside, and with a show of ceremony led her alone to a hall, hastily prepared for the royal reception.

"You have not won the city yet," said Joy, opening the talk.

"I do not want it, Daughter of the Sun, now that I have you," said the rebel commander. "And

I have your strange friends, too. Shall I put them to death now?"

"If they die I shall kill myself," exclaimed Joy fiercely.

"Come, come, my little lady," said Ollantay, trying to speak in a gentle, jesting way, "there need be no talk of death between you and me. You trusted me before the strange boy came. So did the Inca Manco. Cannot you trust me now and marry me?"

Joy knew this question was coming, and guessed what was behind it. But it was not the first time she had been in Ollantay's power, and she knew what was in his mind.

"If I do not marry you, my friends will not live?" she asked.

"They will not live through the night," was the brutal reply. "All the troubles of the kingdom come from that strange boy."

"I will marry you," said Joy, in a low but steady voice, "if you will allow all the strangers to return to their country."

Ollantay rose, and, taking Joy's hand, drew the girl to his side, and shouted: "Enter!"

With tumultuous rejoicing his chief soldiers and councillors thronged into the hall.

"There will be no more battles among our people," proclaimed Ollantay. "At dawn tomorrow the marriage will be celebrated by the Stones of Sacrifice. When next we march we shall go to the mountains, recover Cuzco, and drive the invaders from the Land of the Sun."

As Joy had divined, Manco's army in the Golden City had defeated all attacks. How the defeat had been brought about she began to discover by listening to the talk of Ollantay's captains. The flying motor boats had appeared and made explosions, while sending out showers of bullets. But the news of her consent to marriage made the rebels forget their losses.

Wilder and coarser grew the feasting. To escape from Ollantay Joy pleaded that she was weary, and retired, with two old women and a guard of spearmen.

She asked to see Ted, but was told that he was sleeping.

Yet Ted was awake, painfully awake. So were Bill and Sam. Instead of being set free or treated as honourable hostages, the three Englishmen were taken out in the fields, and there stripped and tied hand and foot to posts. Fires were lighted on each side of them.

Ollantay no longer trusted in stone walls for keeping prisoners, but in savage fashion he pegged his captives out in the open, and set an army around them. No talking was allowed.

"What are the brutes going to do with us, Ted?" implored Sam.

An Indian hit him over the head.

"Joy will either die or save us," said Ted.

But he, in turn, was knocked half senseless.

Then Bill tried to join in their conversation, and was also struck.

CHAPTER 28

Human Sacrifice

WHEN the moon came up the three English prisoners were allowed to rise, and their feet were freed. Then, at an exhausting pace, they were marched miles along the river, the thrust of a spear urging them forward whenever they slackened.

They came to a hill crowned by some huge buildings, showing grey and majestic in the moonlight. Between the buildings and the river stood a great block of carved stone. From the sides projected bronze rings, and below every ring was a wide, shallow basin. Each prisoner was compelled to stand in a basin while being attached by a shining chain to the ring.

"We want another white man to complete the sacrifices," said one of the Quichuans who was helping to chain up Ted.

"Anyhow, three is better than none," said an assistant.

Ted, of course, understood all that was being said, but Bill and Sam understood what was intended as clearly as he did.

Horribly long the night seemed, and when day broke over the doomed victims a peculiar discomfort was added to their anguish of soul and body.

An Indian climbed to the top of the carved stone and unrolled a large embroidered tissue that covered it and prevented the Englishmen from seeing and being seen. They were a ghastly surprise that Ollantay intended for his bride when it was beyond her power to do anything.

Soon after the Stone of Sacrifice was draped sounds of barbaric music floated down the river. Behind a flotilla of war canoes was a larger boat with two royal thrones in the centre. On one sat Ollantay, arrayed in the stolen imperial attire; on the other was Joy, robed in white.

last secret refuge. The temple of the Stones of Sacrifice was appointed the place of ceremonies until Cuzco was regained.

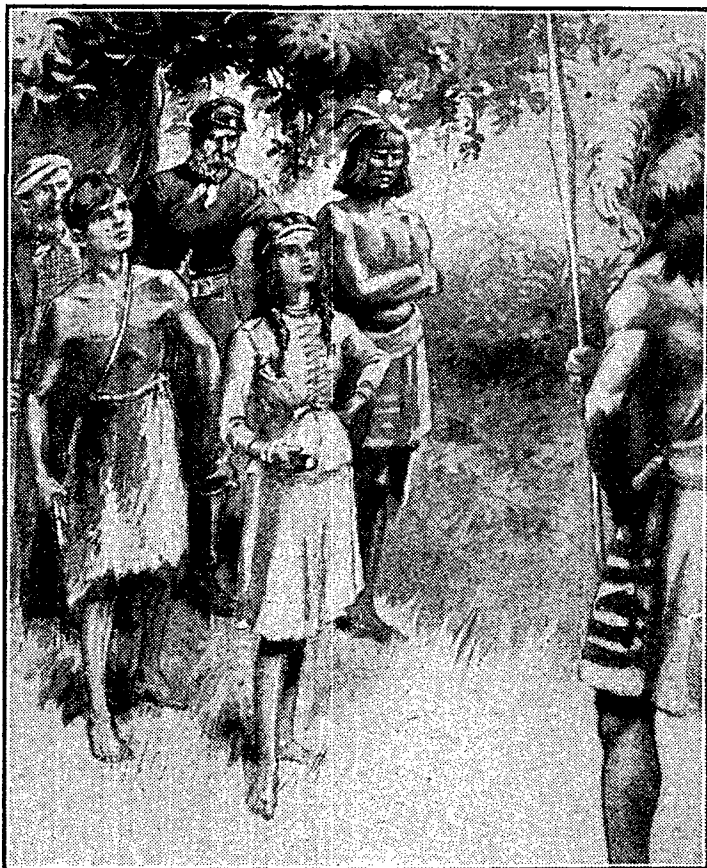
In fierce pride Ollantay seated himself on the royal throne, and was formally crowned Inca. Joy sitting sad and silent beside him while the old hymns were sung. Then the procession formed again and moved down the hill towards the Stone of Sacrifice.

Ollantay led Joy towards the terrible place. He gripped her wrist, and a priest clutched her other arm and almost forced her to drink from a phial that he carried. Joy swallowed the drug, thinking it was part of the ceremony; then, as she became so drowsy that she had to be held up on either side, the cloth was lifted from the Stone.

Ted, who faced the dazed girl queen, cried to her for help.

"Joy!" he cried, "Joy, save us! Save us!"

Sam and Bill heard their companion in misery and roared and shrieked for mercy. Towards them came a little wizened man with cruel eyes. In his hand was a knife of sharp, polished flint. No metal could be used for human sacrifices.



Joy gazed at the triumphant traitor. "These are my friends," she said

"Smile!" whispered Ollantay, in a voice like a hiss.

But Joy could not smile.

Girls dressed in white, to represent the absent Virgins of the Sun, sat in the royal barge with some men in priestly dress. Most of Ollantay's troops were like their leader, recruits from the Tupi regions of the upper basin of the Amazon. They did not know the details of a royal marriage of Incas.

The scattering of overawed Quichuan villagers, joining the armed multitudes on the riverbank, did not dare to criticise. Amid an appearance of general festivity the false Inca and his bride landed below the temple. Grey-robed priests awaited them, and between a double line of spearmen the picturesque and gorgeous wedding procession wound up the hill to the temple.

It was an ancient place constructed of gigantic blocks of stone, restored by the early Incas and preserved by their descendants. In it was the golden image of the Sun that had been saved from the Spaniards in the sixteenth century.

Below the golden disc was an ancient throne of gold, and a queen's chair beside it. The distant Golden City was only the new seat of the Inca Government, and their

"Offer up the men first to our ancient god, the glorious Sun!" proclaimed Ollantay. "When he has drunk their blood in my name, give him the blood of the boy to drink in the name of the queen!"

The horrible chant of sacrifice was started by the false Virgins of the Sun. Queen Joy stood helpless, with glassy, staring eyes, and seemed to see nothing. A great, deep humming came upon the air, and the priest strode forward and selected Sam for his first victim.

TO BE CONTINUED

NOTES AND QUERIES

What is the Military Cross? The Military Cross is a decoration conferred during the war upon captains and lieutenants and certain non-commissioned officers for gallant service.

What is Demurrage? Demurrage is the charge a railway company makes for the non-removal of goods from a railway truck or siding within two days of notice being given of arrival.

What are Recognizances? Recognizances is a legal term meaning an obligation to do certain things, such as to appear at a court and answer a charge.

Five-Minute Story

HIS FIRST DAY

"UNDERSTAND this, my lad"—Mr. Perkins frowned down at the small boy standing before him—"if you make any mistake in giving change, or charge too small a price for anything, I shall take the money out of your wages at the end of the week. So keep your wits about you, and don't make mistakes."

It was Jim Holland's first day at the village store. He had just left school, and, to help his mother, had gone to work for Mr. Perkins.

Mr. Perkins had the name of being a hard man in the village, and Jim knew that he would keep his word. Any mistakes made, he, Jim, would have to pay for. But this fact did not frighten him. He was a good scholar, and it would be a strange thing, indeed, he thought, if he made a mistake in the purchases at Mr. Perkins's shop.

Five shillings a week was not much in the way of wages, but Jim knew what a great help it would be to his mother, and he determined to give his master no opportunity for making deductions at the end of the week.

Tea-time came, and as yet he had made no mistake. Indeed, Mr. Perkins told him he had done very well. And praise from Mr. Perkins was praise indeed.

"I am going into the back shop now to get my tea," he said. "You can carry on."

"All right, sir," said Jim cheerily. "I'll manage, sir."

It wanted but five minutes of Mr. Perkins's return when the shop door suddenly opened, and a shabbily-dressed man entered.

The stranger, for he did not belong to the village, moved quickly towards the counter.

"What's the price of that tin?" He pointed to a large tin of peaches as he spoke.

It struck Jim that there was something strange about the man. He had a furtive, hunted look, and appeared to be in a great hurry.

"How much?" he repeated.

"Half-a-crown," said Jim.

"Hand it over!" The man placed a half-crown on the counter. "Quick! I'm in a hurry!"

Half an hour later Mr. Perkins was emptying the till.

"Where did this come from?" he asked sharply, holding up half-a-crown as he spoke. "It's a bad one."

"A bad one!" gasped Jim.

Mr. Perkins rang the coin on the counter.

"Lead!" he said shortly.

"A man, a stranger, gave it to me while you were at tea."

"What did he buy?"

"A big tin of peaches from the window."

Jim's heart sank as he spoke. Now there would be only two-and-six to take home on Saturday.

To his surprise, Mr. Perkins burst out laughing.

"There won't be any deductions this time, Jim," he said kindly, seeing the boy's distress. "That tin was a dummy!"



Begone, Dull Care, You and I Will Ne'er Agree



DI MERRYMAN

FIVE-YEAR-OLD Kathleen did not like her medicine.

"Come, now, take it, dear, just for my sake," said her mother. "You know I would do anything for you."

"Would you really, mamma?" "Why, of course, dear." "Then you take the medicine for me, please," said Kathleen.

□ □ □

Nonsense

If the man who turnips cries
Cry not when his father dies,
'Tis a proof that he had rather
Have a turnip than his father.

□ □ □

Puzzle Rhyme



Can you read this verse?

Solution next week

□ □ □

AN applicant for a position in the police force was asked, "If you were ordered to disperse a mob what would you do?"

"Pass round the hat, sir!" was his reply.

□ □ □

Magic Figures

123456789 × 8 + 9 = 987654321
12345678 × 8 + 8 = 98765432
1234567 × 8 + 7 = 9876543
123456 × 8 + 6 = 987654
12345 × 8 + 5 = 98765
1234 × 8 + 4 = 9876
123 × 8 + 3 = 987
12 × 8 + 2 = 98
1 × 8 + 1 = 9

□ □ □

THERE was a young fisher called Beales

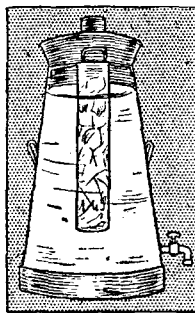
Who gaily went fishing for eels,
But, alas! to his wonder,
The eels drew him under,
And kept him there turning cart-wheels.

□ □ □

PICTURES THAT ANSWER QUESTIONS

How is milk sometimes kept sweet?

An ice cylinder is suspended inside the churn, and this keeps the milk cool in hot weather.



□ □ □

Where Nelson Fell

AN old lady was being shown round Nelson's old flagship, the Victory, at Portsmouth.

Presently her conductor stopped, and, pointing to a place in the highly-polished deck, said:

"There Nelson fell."
"I am not surprised," answered the old lady, "for it is so slippery that I nearly fell myself!"

Can You Explain This?

TEN weary, footsore travellers,
All in a woeful plight,
Sought shelter at a wayside inn
One dark and stormy night.

"Nine beds, no more," the landlord said,

"Have I to offer you.
To each of eight a single room,
But the ninth must serve for two."

He thought again, and then devised
This most ingenious plan
To make the travellers comfortable,
That very clever man.

A B C D E F G H I

In room marked A two men were placed,

The third he lodged in B,
The fourth to C was then assigned,
The fifth retired to D.

In E the sixth he tucked away,
In F the seventh man,
The eighth and ninth to G and H,
And then to A he ran,

Where the host, as I have said,
Had laid two travellers by;
Then taking one, the tenth and last,
He lodged him safe in I.

Nine single rooms, a room for each,
Were made to serve for ten;
And this it is that puzzles me
And many wiser men.

Solution next week

The Express Train

ARTEMUS WARD was travelling in what professed to be an express train, but the rate of travel was so slow that he called the guard, and suggested that the cow-catcher should be taken off the engine and fastened to the guard's van.

"Why should we do that?" asked the guard.

"Well," replied Artemus, "there is no likelihood of our overtaking a cow, but what is there to prevent a cow strolling after us, getting into the train, and biting a passenger?"

A Little French Made Easy



La bascule La grenouille Le phare
Les enfants jouent sur la bascule
Attention! la grenouille va sauter
Le phare sert à guider les vaisseaux



Le rideau Le taureau Le déplantoir
Il fait nuit; allez tirer le rideau
Nous avons peur du taureau
On creuse avec le déplantoir

Do you Live in Leicestershire?

LEICESTERSHIRE is the shire, or county, of Leicester, which means the camp, or fort, on the Leir, the old name of the River Soar. The origin of Leir is not definitely known, though some think it a changed spelling of Llyr, the Celtic water-god.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

The Arab and His Ass

* (asterisk; ass to risk). || (parallel).

The Girted Girl

Women should try for a B.A.,
To college honours forward looking;
'Tis an absurdity to say
They'd best confine themselves to cooking.

Arithmetic Puzzle

$$\frac{5(5+5)}{5} = 10; \quad 5+5+\frac{5}{5} = 11;$$

$$(5 \times 5 \times 5) - 5 = 12;$$

$$(5 \times 5 \times 5) + 5 = 13$$

Is Your Name Here?

The names were Hildebrand and Iris.

Jacko Fairly In It

JACKO was a rare one for poking his nose in other people's business. He said he was taking an intelligent interest in things. His father said it was a pity his lessons didn't happen to be one of the things he took an intelligent interest in.

When the new baker came to the village, of course Jacko must glue his nose to the shop window, and stare in to get a good look at him.

"Coo!" he remarked to the family at dinner that day, "he isn't half a swell! You should see his white cap and apron, all stiff and starchy! Fancies himself, too."

"What can the boy find amusing in a baker's shop?" cried his mother.

"I like to know how things are done," replied Jacko.

"You like to poke your inquisitive nose where it isn't wanted,"



He shot Jacko, head first, into the great sticky mess

said Big Brother Adolphus. "You'll do it once too often one of these days. I hope the fellow tweaked it for you."

"He didn't get the chance," retorted Jacko.

"I suppose you cheeked him, and got what you deserved," said his brother, who was nearer the truth than he suspected.

As a matter of fact, Jacko had hung about so long that the baker had ordered him off, with a sharp box on the ears, suggesting it was a pity he hadn't something better to do than breathe on his nice clean windows.

"Like his cheek!" muttered Jacko, thinking it over afterwards. "I'll teach him! I'll give him a fright that he won't forget in a hurry."

And, sure enough, that evening when the man had made all ready for the baking, and left the bakehouse for a minute, Master Jacko quietly pushed up the window and crept in.

"I'll hide, and hop out and yell, and scare him out of his skin," he said, chuckling to himself. "Now, the question is, where can I hide?"

There was an empty flour sack in the corner. Jacko no sooner spied it than he ran to it, lifted it up and sprang inside. He snuggled down, and pulled the end over his head and waited.

Presently back came the baker. He strode over to the mixing pan, and looked critically into it.

"A little more flour, I think," he said, aloud, and he turned round for the bag.

It wasn't where it ought to be, for Jacko had shifted it to make room for himself. The baker turned, picked up the only sack he saw—and shot Jacko, head first, into the great sticky mess!

A Picture Lesson in Geography



What English villages do these pictures represent? Solutions next week

Who Was He?

The Gay Chancellor

ABOUT 800 years ago a child was born in Cheapside, London, who was destined to be one of the most famous characters in English history. His father was a merchant, but the son rose to the highest dignities in state and church.

He was well educated, and then became a clerk and accountant. Later he joined the household of the Archbishop of Canterbury, with whom he travelled to Rome. He was ordained as a clergyman and appointed Archdeacon of Canterbury, and, being a bright and gay young man, he became the bosom friend of the King of England, who made him Chancellor of the Kingdom.

When the Chancellor went to France as ambassador to propose a marriage between the English King and the French King's daughter, he travelled in magnificent state.

"What manner of man must the King of England be," said the people of France, "if his minister travels in such state?"

The King loved the young man, and when the Archbishop of Canterbury died, told the Chancellor that he should be Archbishop.

"Well," said the minister, with a smile, "I do not look much like an Archbishop"; and he told the King that if he were made Primate he would lose his sovereign's favour. But the monarch would hear of no refusal, and the gay courtier became Primate.

And now a marvellous change took place. He gave up his state and fine clothing, and became an austere churchman. His food was of the coarsest, and in place of gay companions he chose learned monks.

Then he began to oppose the King's interference in the affair of the clergy, until at last a bitter quarrel arose, and the Archbishop had to flee to France where he remained for some years. A reconciliation was patched up, and the Prelate returned to England; but again he opposed the King, and one day in the hearing of some knights the monarch bemoaned the fact that he had made the Chancellor Archbishop, and wished he were rid of him.

The knights took the King word literally and formed a plot against the Primate, which they carried out successfully, to the horror of the whole Christian world. The storm that burst overwhelmed the King, and he expressed contrition for his part in the crime.

The Archbishop in his death became a greater hero than he had been in his life. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



Last week's name—Sir Thomas Lawton

The Children's Newspaper grows out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world. The Magazine appears on the 15th of each month, and the Editor's address is: Arthur Mee, Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C. 4.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

April 24, 1920

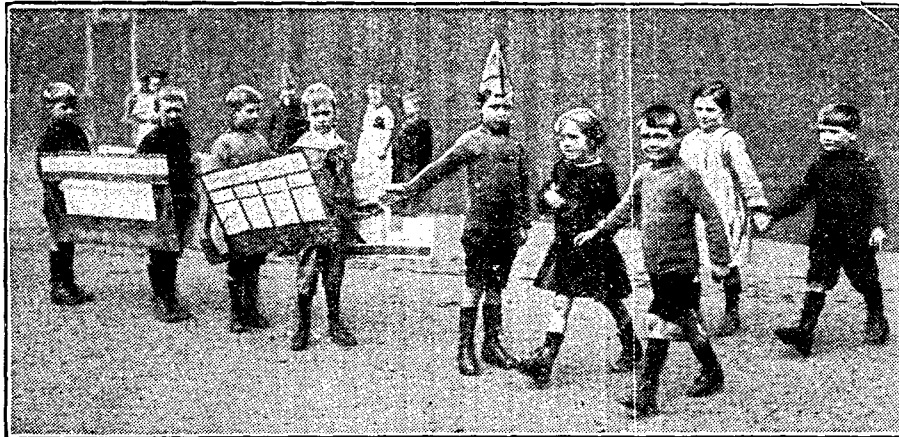
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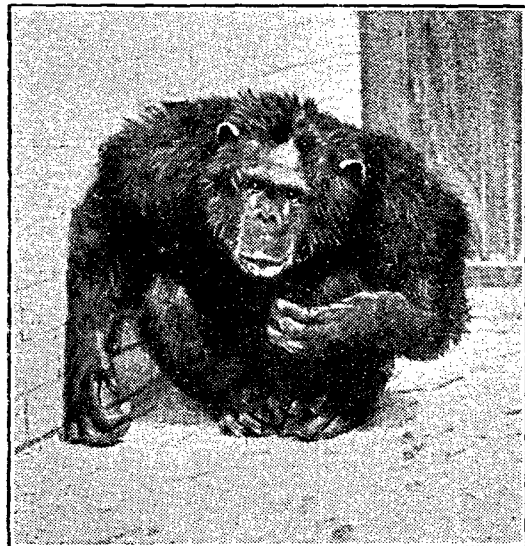
A young Scottish hero—John McReadie of Dunfermline, who, seeing a five-year-old girl fall from a window, rushed forward and caught her to break the fall, thus saving her life



Safety First games—Teaching boys and girls in a London school how to cross a street properly. Some children represent the traffic, and the one wearing a paper hat is a policeman. The traffic consists of a motor lorry and a bus, which are represented by cardboard sides carried by the children



Captain Amundsen, who started for the North Pole in 1918, and whose ship is held up in the grip of ice north of Siberia. See page one



"Father of the Zoo"—Micky, the chimpanzee at the London Zoo, who has been there 22 years and is pleased with his nickname of Father of the Zoo



The rare old garden at Redhill—Mr. Arthur Trower in the beautiful old garden laid out on the farm marked on Queen Elizabeth's maps. See page seven



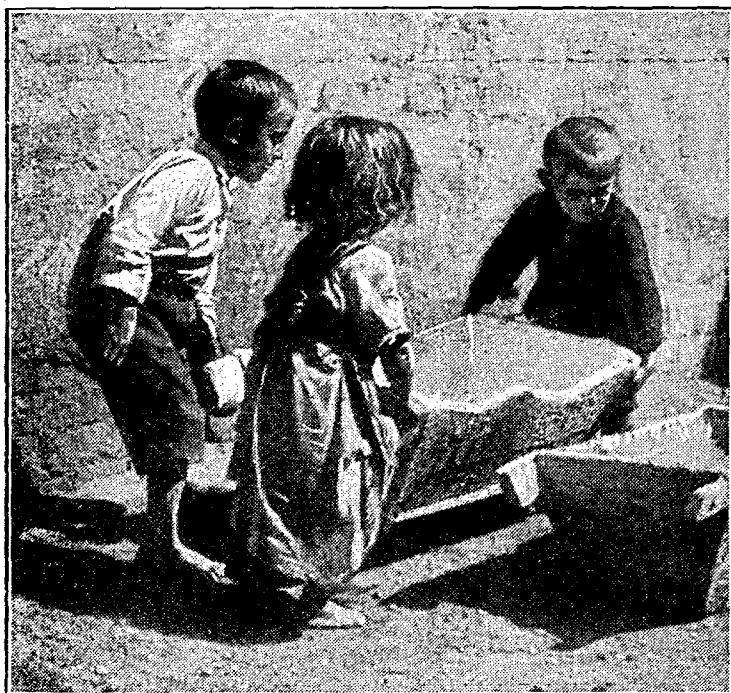
War heroes win peace laurels—This horse and rider, who won a prize at Ongar horse show, served together in France for three years



A one-man power aeroplane—The bird-like machine of a Scottish farmer, which is worked by the legs, and rises several feet above the ground. See page three



A dummy crowd in Kensington Gardens—London police horses being trained to keep quiet in crowds. Men wave flags and shout behind the dummies



Child workers of Hungary—These little children, photographed in Buda-Pesth, are working for their living. They would not be allowed to do this in England



We three—Out for a ride on a warm spring day



A great sight on Kensington Pond—This model of the Spanish galleon Sanctissima Maria, reminding us of the Great Armada, is here seen on the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens. It took two years to build